

LD 5481

.U71k

1880

Copy 1

'80.

Decennial Record,

1880-1890.

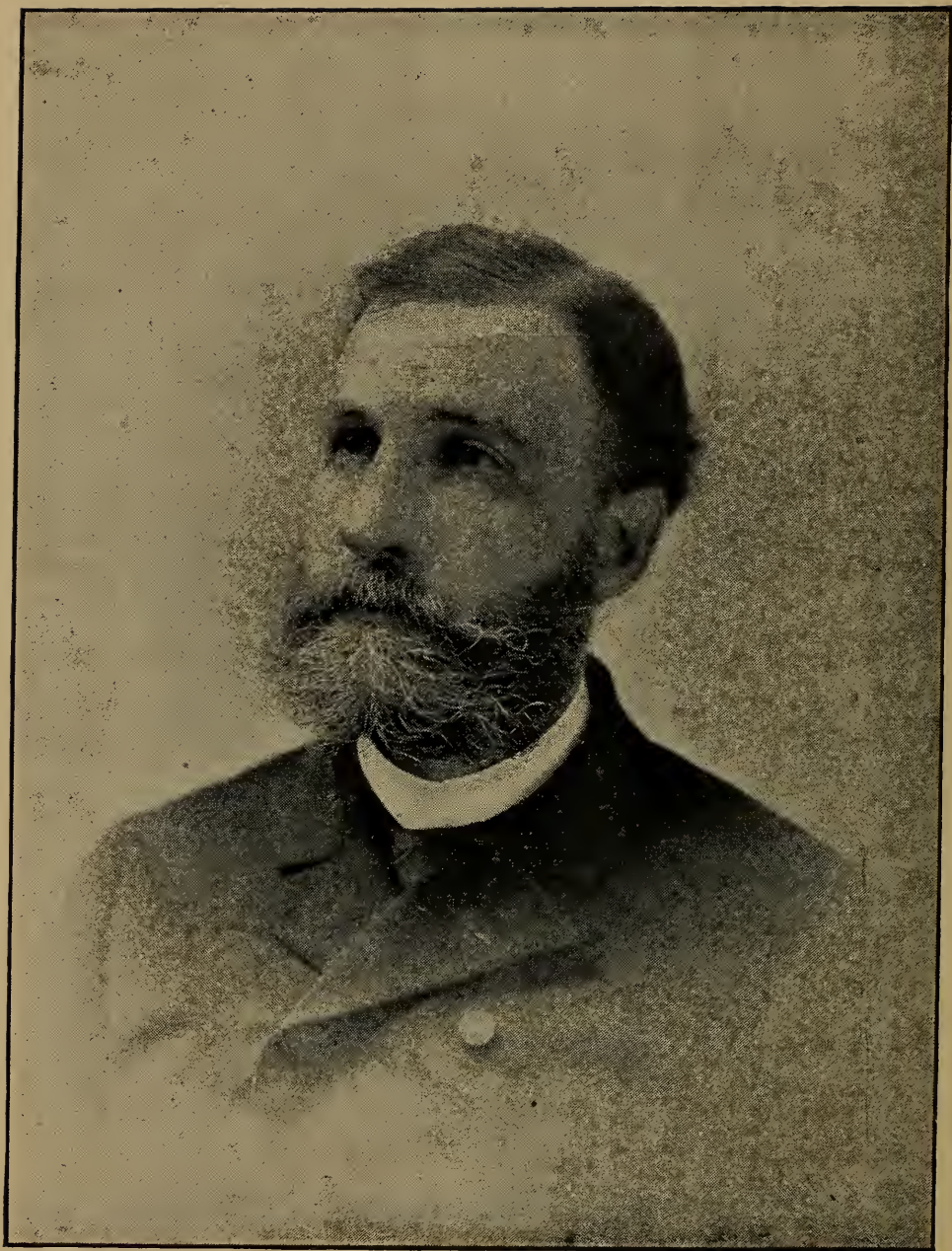
UNION.



Class L 2.5481

Book U 414

1880



PRESIDENT WEBSTER.

Union University, Schuectady, Class of 1880

DECENNIAL RECORD
OF THE
CLASS OF 1880,
OF
UNION COLLEGE.
1880-1890.

PRINTED—NOT PUBLISHED.



NEW YORK:
P. F. MCBREEN, PRINTER,
61 BEEKMAN STREET.

L II 5481
.U71k
1880

By ~~Prescription~~
APR 5 1911

Entered according to Act of Congress in the year 1890,
By R. C. ALEXANDER,
in the office of the Librarian of Congress, at Washington, D. C.



23516
864



Εἰς αἰῶνα τῆ σοφία.

THE DECADE.

*Tempora labuntur, tacitis senescimus annis,
Et fugiunt freno non remorante dies.*

—OVID. Fast. Lib. vi.

TEN years have wrought but few changes in the membership of the Class of '80. A single asterisk dots its muster roll—a single member from the sixty odd classmates who graduated from the Freshman class thirteen years ago, has passed over the great divide. It is a vital record probably unequalled in college history, and although in our case as in many others, death chose a shining mark for his fatal arrow, we may count ourselves most fortunate that our ranks are to-day so nearly intact.

So swiftly and silently the years sped by that we hardly realized their passage, or stopped to count them, till the decennial anniversary of our graduation was close upon us. We had scarcely noticed the annual change in the final numeral of the year of our Lord. It was only when in a single night the 8 became a 9, we awoke to a stern realization of the fact that we were ten years away from the year 1880.

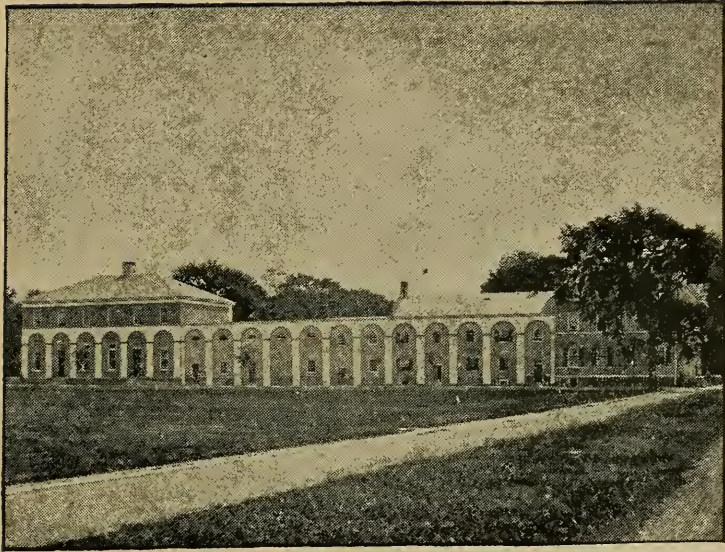
Yet the decade has wrought neither decadence nor decay. Sobered a little, perhaps, by the growing responsibilities of the passing years, our lives are broader and deeper, more evenly balanced, better adjusted to our several environments, and therefore more useful, more charitable, more successful and, on the whole, perhaps, more happy.

The principal events in the history of individual members have been followed in our former bulletins, and are carried forward to date in the pages which follow. They are variously colored scenes, these fifty pictures of human life, which go to

make up the composite of '80's history. They tell of joy and of tears, of homes brightened by prosperity, happiness and budding life, and of other homes over which has fallen the shadows of misfortune or care, or perhaps the blacker shadow of the wing of the destroying angel. But the joy of one has been the gratification of us all, and the affliction of one the sorrow of us all. Fraternal congratulations and fraternal sympathy have flowed like a shuttle, back and forth, weaving still tighter and closer the bonds of mutual friendship and a heartier unity.

These sketches and portraits speak for themselves, and are in themselves a complete history of the class for the period since our last published bulletin. A word as to the college and its instructors may be of interest to those who have not made frequent visits to *alma mater*.

On the campus and about the college we see but few changes since our departure ten years ago. Upper Union street is indeed greatly changed and greatly beautified by the asphalt pavement, and the widening of the sidewalk up the hill to the Blue Gate, but we breathe a sigh as we miss the old stone parallels trodden by two generations of students, until they were worn and smooth. The Blue Gate is a bluer gate than in our day, the result of a recent re-painting. Mrs. Nott, several years since, rejoined the good Doctor in the "promised land," and the house is now occupied by President Webster, better known to us as "Web." We all remember what became of the high board fence which separated the terrace walk from Prexy Potter's house, and it has never been replaced, greatly to the improvement of the grounds. The Potter house, now college property, is occupied by two of the professors. The terrace is unchanged, save by a row of handsome young elms extending from the Blue Gate to Jack Foster's house, and the boys may still find on the "grand old seat of stone," the initials and devices wrought deeply and painfully years ago. The "gray old walls" are still as gray as of old, and externally unchanged. Lest their outlines may have grown indistinct in the recollection of those who have not lately visited her halls, we reproduce them here. Inside, however, considerable improvements have been made in making the rooms more cheerful and home like. A "long felt want" has been the substitution in all the dormitories of ornamental ceilings of corrugated iron, imper-



SOUTH COLLEGE.



NORTH COLLEGE.

vicious to water, and less pervious to sound, so that the Freshman no longer needs to go to sleep with an umbrella over his head when a Soph. happens to room above him. In the sanitary arrangements, too, great improvements have been made, and the students of to-day are generally much more comfortable than we used to be. Whitey, Perk and Billy Wells still occupy their accustomed quarters. "Arty" Wright, '82, now Prof. Wright, Adjunct Professor of Modern Languages, occupies Web.'s old quarters in N. S. S. C., and Prof. Truax, '75, of the English department, has Staley's house in N. S. N. C. Another modern innovation which brings tears to our eyes is the removal of the carved and ancient benches in the chapel, immortalized all the way round from the Freshman to the Senior corner, with the graven memorials of the Class of '80. In their places have been set a lot of disgracefully modern and unsentimental opera chairs.

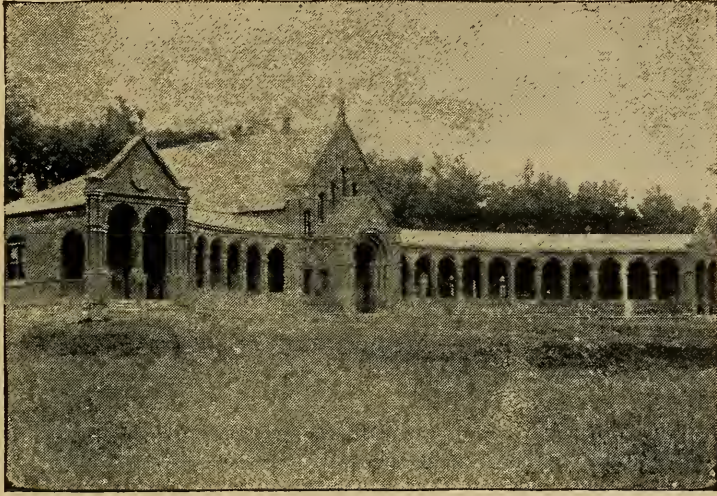
The central building looks just as it used to, and is no more useful now than then. Behind it, however, back towards the woods, extending around toward either college, is a handsome and really useful building, erected several years after our graduation—the Powers Memorial—devoted, the central part to the college library, and the curved wings to comfortable and well equipped recitation rooms. A wide and handsome corridor extends around the whole curved front. At the end of the southern wing, shown on the extreme right of our illustration, is the President's office, occupied as the '80 meeting room at the late Commencement, and across its gable was stretched the ample banner of the Class. One of the most striking ornaments of the Library is a large framed group containing all the original photographs reproduced in this book, besides a few others received too late for reproduction. The group and the individuals are properly labelled and will prove an incentive and an inspiration to future generations.

Still in the rear of this building and on the very edge of the woods, is mounted the grinning god which was the frequent object of our moonlight devotions, before which we offered whole hecatombs of Freshman victims, and poured out vari-colored libations, and which the Class have formally adopted as its tutelary guardian and patron saint. Lest his pleasing mug may have faded from the memories of some, we reproduce it in all its matchless beauty.

The grove, the garden, the "brook that bounds through Old Union's grounds" are all there, and all unchanged. Familiar sights meet us at every turn. There are the same delightful walks through the woods, the same magnificent view from the College grounds; we find our autographs still written in unfading chemicals on a yellow window pane in the chemical laboratory, and we even find the familiar "W. L." on the bulletin board. "Lammy" himself is a landmark we frequently meet in our walks about the place, and he hasn't turned a hair since he provided the scientifics of our Class with "thought books," and tried to teach Kemp the German idiom. We even heard that same old prayer of his a short time ago, with the "central, three-fold, all-vivifying thought" still "doing its complete and thorough work on heart and mind." But the boys don't applaud his majestic periods as they did in our day.

Perk's celebrated pear tree is now barren, so are Whitey's grape vines. Whitey has taken to raising less alluring garden products, and now buys his grapes, as well as the fermented juice thereof. Judge Landon's venerable William goat now goes to sleep at night without the harrowing expectation of being nightly wakened to do duty in the society halls, or on top of the College buildings. Perk's servant girl now pulls down the blind when retiring, and his back yard is less populous at her bedtime than twelve years ago. Whitey now leaves his jelly in the back window and his pies in the cellar with entire impunity. Mrs. Benedict has a new peacock, which screams all night in uninterrupted strains. Watermelons and apples grow unplucked on the neighboring farms. The "smale fowles maken melodie" with necks unwrung, and the cattle in the College pasture go home in the mornings with distended udders. The Freshmen go unarmed, and are even treated as if they had rights. In fact, the modern Union student is a disgustingly flabby, unenterprising and uninteresting personage, and in our time would not have been tolerated over night, without a coat of tar and feathers. Delta Q. is dead, the chestnut and the cane rushes are dead, "smoking out" is dead, the "set up" is moribund, even the tin horn is relapsing into desuetude. *O tempora! O mores!*

In the faculty there are many changes. Col. Pickett and Maria, its most active and popular members, are both dead. So



POWERS' MEMORIAL BUILDING



EIGHTY'S PATRON SAINT.

are Pinkey Pearson, Professor Price, and Tutors Davis and Ballart. Prexy Potter left in '84, and went to Hobart. Web. left in '83, to go to Rochester University, but was called back in '88, as President. Staley, the star gazer, is President of the Case School of Applied Science in Cleveland. Professor Alexander is Pastor of the University Place Presbyterian Church in New York, and is still sought out by any of the boys contemplating matrimony. He has provided three of us with wives, but as yet has failed to provide himself with one. Jack Foster is still alive, and an emeritus professor, but he is disgruntled, and is seldom seen on the College campus. Professor Darling is in the Auburn Theological Seminary as professor. Poppy Lowell is living in retirement and literary pursuits in Schenectady. Lieut. Best is at Newport. Taylor Lewis and Captain Jack died in our Freshman year, having lived only to see our Freshman aggregation, and then departing in satisfied peace. So that of all the noble array of instructors in our time, the Golden Era of Union College history, all that are left are Whitey, Billy, Perk and Lammy, and Web., lately recalled as President.

Yet we do not venture to say that the faculty is any less gifted or capable than in our day. New men have taken the places of the old, men of experience, enthusiasm and ability, in whom the instruction is safely confided. One of the most important chairs is filled by our own Ripton, and figuratively, if not physically, he fills it so full that he laps over on both sides of it. Other young, brilliant and enthusiastic instructors are nobly maintaining the high quality of Old Union's instruction.

Dr. Webster makes an ideal college president. He is dignified, earnest, capable and enthusiastic, and has the affection and confidence of trustees, faculty, students and alumni. Since his accession the college has grown in prestige and influence, while the classes have nearly doubled. It has just received a gift of \$100,000 for the endowment of a chair of political economy and social science. We may confidently entrust the future of *alma mater* to President Webster, who has a welcome even heartier than usual for any returning member of the Class of '80, his favorite class in college.

Outside the instruction, all the College interests are flourishing. Baseball is as lively as in our day, and in 1890 as in 1880, the

College nine secured the State inter-collegiate pennant. Football is now a thriving fall sport, and the Union team has scored some notable victories. The gymnasium, the glee club, the literary and secret societies are all in a prosperous condition. Two new fraternities, Beta Theta Pi and Phi Delta Theta, have established chapters at Union since we left. The Alpha Delta Phi, Psi U. and Sigma Phi are contemplating building chapter houses. A new incentive to work in the scientific and engineering courses is the establishment of a new honorary society, Sigma Chi, on the plan of Phi Beta Kappa ; to which the students in those two courses are alone eligible.

But to return to the Class of '80. No such class ever before or since left the portals of Old Union. No class was ever so free from internal dissension, separated with such sincere affection and regret, or meets again with more lively gratification. No class ever before gathered at its decennial reunion more members than it graduated. No class ever celebrated a more unique, enjoyable and successful reunion, and no class was ever before, at the close of its first ten years, represented in both Faculty and Board of Trustees.

All is well ; the past, at least, is secure. Let us then strive to make the future as glorious as the past. Let us keep Old Union and her interests ever present in our hearts. Let us cultivate closer and more intimate relations with each other, and more than ever before, make the interests of each the common concern of all.

This decennial reunion has fully demonstrated how thoroughly enjoyable these anniversary class gatherings are, and it is to be hoped they will hereafter be attended by the Class in still larger proportions. We can hardly hope that our marvellous vitality will bring us to another stated meeting with numbers undiminished, but let as many as possible attend every commencement, and especially the anniversaries. The year 1895 will be the 100th anniversary of the foundation of Union College, and the 15th of the graduation of the Class of '80. Either event would make that commencement famous ; their coincidence will make it immortal. The opening of the 20th century, and our own 20th anniversary, is another coincidence worthy of our celebration. At that time we will also elect officers for the following decade.

Five years later will come our quarter-centennial, and thereafter, even up to our semi-centennial in 1930, and beyond that, as long as there are four or five of us left, we will gather at the close of each decade, rattle our dry bones together, straighten our bent and withered forms, uncover with trembling fingers our bald heads or silvered locks, and with cracked voices and toothless gums, we old boys will once more whoop up our old cheer for Union and Eighty.

“ The boys ” we are, “ the boys ” we’ll be.
As long as three, as two are creeping ;
Then here’s to him,—ah, which is he ?
Who lives till all the rest are sleeping !
A life with tranquil comfort blest,
The young man’s health, the rich man’s plenty ;
All earth can give that earth has best,
And Heaven at fourscore years and twenty !

BIOGRAPHICAL.

ROBERT C. ALEXANDER. In the phrase of slang, Aleck has had the grand bulge on the rest of the Class, in that in previous bulletins he has had the pleasure of doing up the boys in grand style, with no redress for the hard hits given. We now take our turn and propose to give an unvarnished history of his whole disreputable career.

The first two years in New York were spent in direst poverty. Unknown to him was the sensation of hunger appeased. A frequenter of free lunches, he existed rather than lived. Many of his old classmates were glad to help him at times and frequently stray nickels and tickets to church fairs would find their way to his empty pockets.

But brighter days dawned at last, and in some way, unknown to the chroniclers, he wormed himself into the good graces of wealthy clients, including Col. Elliott F. Shepard, and when the latter became, in 1888, the owner of the *Mail and Express*, Aleck was made the attorney for the paper, as well as a director and secretary of the Mail and Express Publishing Co. In this position, and more recently as one of the editorial writers of that paper, he has gained success and shekels by the rank use of the columns of his newspaper to boom the visionary schemes by which he is amassing a fortune.

The moderate size of this book prevents us from giving the full list of honors which have been thrust upon Bob by his grateful countrymen. We mention a few only and the rest can be obtained from the chairman of the committee, who has published them in book form and will furnish to the class, postpaid, upon the receipt of twelve red stamps.

We start off with the honor heaped on him last commencement, when he was made a life Trustee of Union College, and, second, in point of honor, Secretary of the Union College Alumni Association of New York, which he organized two years ago. He is a member of the New York State Bar Association, the Lawyers

Club, and the Association of the Bar of the City of New York. He is Chairman of the Committee on Prizes of the State Bar Association, and was one of the Committee of 100, and Secretary of one of the most important sub-committees at the Centennial Celebration of the Federal Judiciary in New York City, in February last. He is a director of the Mohawk Valley and Northern Railway Company, and of the Burgess Gun Company. He is Vice-President of the Fifth Avenue Stage Co., Attorney for and a Director of the International Boiler Co., and of the Stirling Co. He is a member of the Lake George Yacht Club, New York Canoe Club, American Canoe Association, Riverside Wheelmen, League of American Wheelmen, an officer of the Phi B. K. Alumni Association of New York, a member of the Twilight Club, the Musurgia of New York, Quill Club, St. Andrew's Society, American Geographical Society, American Numismatic and Archæological Society, a trustee of the Adirondack League Club, which he organized and which owns 100,000 acres of forest and lakes in the Adirondacks; and it is not his fault that he is not President of the Union League and Secretary of all the other organizations in New York.

He refers us to the canons of the Presbyterian Church for his denominational leanings, and to the editorial columns of the *Mail and Express* (price 2 cents) for his political convictions.

Close upon our Commencement festivities, and deepened by the contrast it afforded, came to us the sad news of the illness and death of his daughter and only child. Needless is it to say here how deep our sympathies, how tender our feelings towards our classmate, impossible to measure the sorrow we felt, and only when Time, with its tender healing, shall have scarred the freshness of the wound, can we think of our decennial unmixed with sorrow and sympathy for our Senior President.

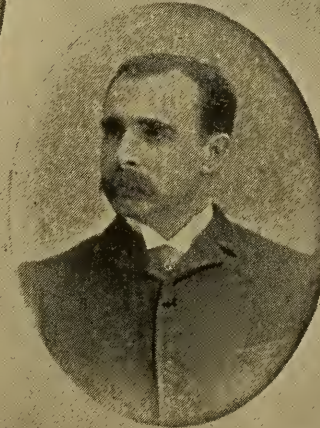
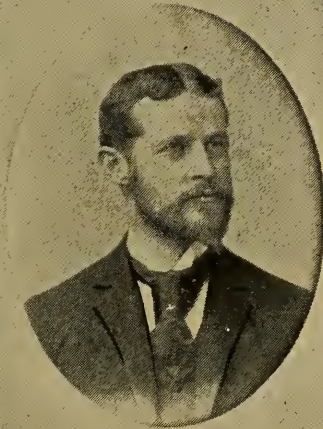
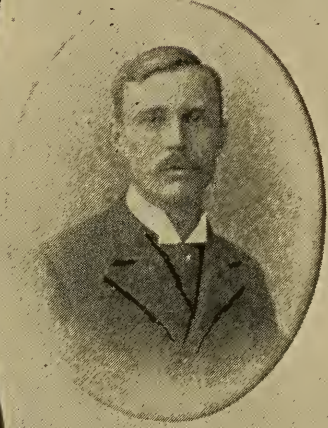
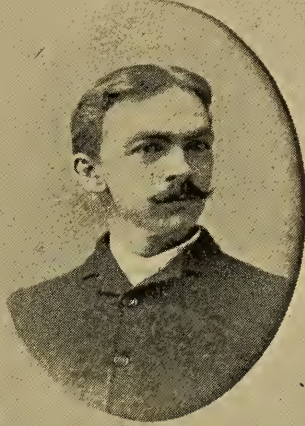
Address, 23 Park Row, New York.

* RICHARD D. ANABLE. Dick casts a deep gloom over the Committee by characterizing our conundrums as "personal and obnoxious." All we have the face to do, therefore, is to let him tell his own tale of woe.

"There is so much cool impertinence in the questions of your circular that I have determined to ignore them altogether, and to

CLASS
of '80

UNION



ANABLE.
BENJAMIN.

ALEXANDER.
BENEDICT.
BISHOP.

ANDERSON.
BALLART.

tell my story in my own way. And first, let me assure the boys that the vicissitudes of ten years have not in the least changed my early love for Old Union, and the pride I naturally felt in my confreres of '80. Ten years ! The history of a decade would be a long story if told at length, but happily in my case, a few words will suffice. While many of my classmates have been forming entangling alliances, I have been able to maintain a state of independent and unencumbered single blessedness, untrammelled by the cares of family, and yet, not averse to assuming them should they ever appear irresistibly attractive. So much for the paradisiacal aspects of life. The more prosaic side is not brilliant, but it has a good, comfortable look. In the fall of 1880, I began to paddle my own canoe. My first attempt carried me into one of the paper warehouses that abound in this region. Thence I drifted into a railroad office, and after a short experience there became right-hand man to the firm of Goodhue & Birnie, water works builders, in which capacity I have spent the last five years of my life. In politics, I belong to the party that believes in adapting its policy to the condition of the times in which we live, rather than in clinging to the antiquated garments of our grandfathers ; but owing to excessive modesty, I have sought no honor at its hands."

This is a trifle ambiguous, but it probably means, boiled down, that Dick is a Mugwump. It is an open secret that his plans are to leave Springfield and seek the wild roaring West, only the death of one partner of his firm, and the paralysis of another having detained him thus long. He attended the decennial, and, like Kemp and several others of the class, succumbed to the insidious effects of the Schenectady "water."

Address, care Goodhue & Birnie, Springfield, Mass.

WILBER E. ANDERSON. The universal remark on seeing the subject of this sketch at Commencement was, "The Same Old Andy," and so he is, changed as little as any of the boys, full of business, overflowing with puns and wit, excitable as ever, at once the target and foil for the jests and good natured fun of all the others. The only really new thing about Andy is the pride he feels and shows for a younster in Scranton, who bears the name of Carl E. Anderson, and who, if his picture does not belie

him, is as fine a specimen of the genus boy as any '80 man can claim. Elizabeth G. Hollister, on September 16, 1885, joined fortunes with him at Scranton, and Andy already shows the ripening effects of her good influences.

Since 1883, Anderson has been in the same business, and in the same location as chronicled in our quinquennial, although his value to the company has largely increased in the interval, and he is in consequence simply rolling in wealth, and has attained the position of Engineer for the Real Estate Department of the Delaware and Hudson Canal Co.

Andy's well known musical tendencies were illustrated by his symphony bugle concerts at Lake George, and *apropos* we quote from a letter received while he was learning to blow the thing. "I have," he wrote, "secured a noble clarion-toned cavalry bugle, and would practice it more, but the doctor says that another charge of bird-shot would probably bring on blood-poisoning." His democratic tendencies while in college have degenerated into a policy of tariff for revenue only, and he strongly advocates high license and free beer. His liking for the latter beverage dates back even beyond the time when he wanted to get away with a quart(er) of the stuff for a paltry dime.

Nothing would please Andy more than to welcome an '80 man in Scranton, when he would delight in showing them all the sights both above and below ground, and he offers to give to any one bearing the class credentials all the coal he can carry away with him.

Address, Providence Place, Scranton, Pa.

FREDERICK A. BALLART. Diana, since leaving college, has been engaged in the drug business, and with the exception of a year spent in the Northwest, in Washington and Montana, has been located in Syracuse.

He has become quite a factor in the drug circles of that city, and is President of the Syracuse Drug Association, a member of the N. Y. S. Pharmacal Association, and has recently been taking a post graduate course in pharmacy in Cornell University. His address while in Ithaca is 36 East State street. A taste for yachting has grown in his nature since leaving college, and he is secretary of the Syracuse Yacht Club, and frequently courts

death in exciting races to windward on the raging canal. At other times his recreation takes the form of furnishing food for the doctors by shooting an innocent marker at the matches of the Onondaga Rifle Association.

Ballart is not yet married.

High License finds a supporter in him, and the Presbyterian church a member.

Address, 107 Tully street, Syracuse, N. Y.

JAMES E. BENEDICT. Ben. has again returned to his profession, that of a naturalist, pausing only long enough to make a fortune in real estate in St. Paul, and then joyfully fleeing back to cultivate the society of the bug and the worm. Soon after our quinquennial he yielded to Ickler's blandishments, severed his connections with Uncle Sam and his deep sea animalculæ, and formed a real estate partnership with the Dutchman in St. Paul. The firm of Ickler & Benedict thrived, and Teuton and Yankee labored together with harmony and success. Nothing, however, in all his business career, tickled Ben. so much as when they stuck a Catholic Archbishop for \$10,000 in a real estate deal. It is said he telegraphed the details to his classmate Ryan (a namesake, by the way, of the stuck Bishop), his old-time antagonist in religious controversy. But Ben, though prosperous, owning a fine house in St. Paul, and gathering around him a large and growing family, was not content. He yearned for his old pursuits, and in the midst of a most intricate real estate transaction, he would dash off in pursuit of a new species of arachnidæ or cimex lectialis, much to the Dutchman's disgust. When a lull came last year in the real estate boom, he seized the opportunity to escape from the trammels of business life, and returned to Washington. He is now assistant naturalist in the Smithsonian Institution, with every prospect of promotion, and is happy as a stuffed lark in his chosen work, for which he is so admirably fitted by nature and training. Took his A. M. at Union in 1884. His business and personal relations with Ickler were not entirely severed; the separation, as the latter writes, "being only one *a menso et thoro*, with alimony."

Address, Smithsonian Institution, or 226 Indiana avenue, N. E., Washington, D. C.

WM. EVARTS BENJAMIN. Rare and Standard Books, Fine portraits for illustrating ; first editions, and choice autograph letters. No 6, Astor Place, New York. This may look like a free "ad." but it isn't. Benjy takes ten copies of this rare and unique work. He is a connoisseur, and knows a valuable first edition when he sees it, and knows that a few years hence these precious volumes will be priceless. Benjamin didn't show up to advantage in our former bulletins, but has concluded that the class of '80 is pretty good company to be seen in. (He left college at the end of Freshman year, and spent the following year doing field work on the survey for the Bronx River aqueduct, near New York. Disappointed in his hope to rejoin the class in junior year, he went instead to New York, as a clerk in a bookstore. After serving a six years apprenticeship in the book trade, in 1884, he started in, at first on a small scale, to build up a business for himself. The result he sums up thusly. "Now, at 31, I am a publisher, bookseller, importer, and dealer in manuscripts, autographs, &c. I have worked hard and prospered, having trebled my capital, and am fairly satisfied with a growing business and an increasing income." He has published several books which have attracted attention, notably the first novel of Edgar Saltus, "Mr. Incoul's Misadventure," and a volume of essays by Appleton Morgan, entitled "Shakespeare in Fact and in Criticism." During 1888 and 1889, he published a monthly journal called the "Book Lover."

In 1886, and again in the present year, Benjamin has visited Europe to purchase stock, and was thus prevented from attending the re-union. He has "trebled his capital" in more ways than one, having married, in 1886, the eldest daughter of Henry H. Rogers, one of the Standard Oil magnates, and having since acquired a daughter. Is an Episcopalian, and a Republican. Is a member of the New York Athletic Club.

Address, 500 Madison avenue, New York.

CHARLES F. BISHOP. Clings unswervingly to his original purpose to become the leading lawyer at the New York bar, and is the business end of the law firm of Taylor & Ferris, 111 Broadway, New York, 3d floor, room 77. (This little ad. is not inserted free because Bishop is a member of the Committee. He

takes five extra copies, one for each client.) He is a member of the Delta Phi Club of New York, the Union League Club of Brooklyn, the Brooklyn Young Republican Club, and of the Long Island Historical Society, "but in each of them the only position of honor or dignity I have held is that of high private. This position, I think I may say without egotism, I have filled acceptably and with conspicuous ability. I infer this from the fact that I have never been threatened with promotion. In church affiliations I am a nondescript. Politically I am a Republican of the stalwart type, and, of course, a protectionist. I am a firm advocate of High License *in theory*." But Bishop was never known to get around in time to practice his theories. He is not married. While deliberating, in his leisurely way, which of two pretty girls he thought, on the whole, he preferred, both of them wearied of waiting, and married elsewhere. "It follows," he says, "as a corollary, that I have no children,—at least it is fair to presume that I have none, and I shall insist on the benefit of the presumption."

Lives in Brooklyn, No. 6 Lefferts Place.

WILLIAM REA BRONK. Bronk turns up at the end of the decade with a brand new name interpolated between the two with which we were familiar. He claims that his wife discovered it in his baptismal record, and insisted that the world should have the benefit of it. Although he has the diploma of Cornell, and not of Union, filed among his archives, he has lost none of his first love for old Union, and for the boys with whom he shared our thrilling Freshman (and first term Sophomore) experiences. Soon after graduation in 1880, he was admitted to the bar, and has continuously practiced his profession in the city of New York. He has already acquired a practice and a reputation at the bar seldom attained by a lawyer of his years. Among his clients for whom he has conducted a large amount of litigation, are the executors of Commodore C. K. Garrison's estate, and the New York *World*, frequently carrying their cases to the highest courts, and generally with success. The only statement he furnishes us, however, in regard to his success, is that "he has managed to pay his debts, and keep along with the procession." He is a member and an officer of the Cornell Club of New York,

"I having found refuge, like Æneas of old, in Ithaca, after the collapse of my Schenectady Ilium in my Sophomore year at Union." He is also a member of the Union College Alumni Association of New York, a member of the New York Athletic Club, and sundry social organizations. In religion an Episcopalian, in politics he presents the anomaly of being a Republican and a free trader. Office address, 2 Wall street, New York.

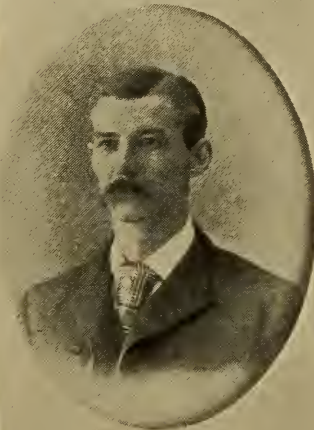
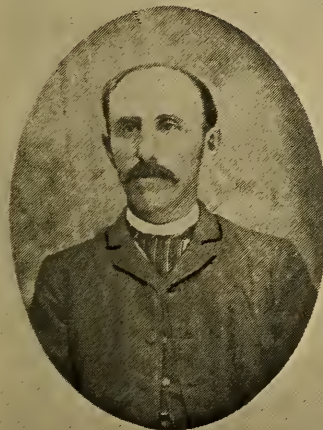
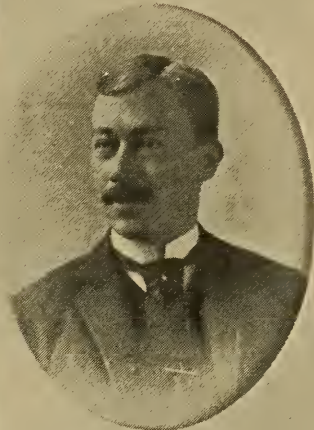
ISAAC G. BURNETT. Our chaste and modest circular was a source of considerable embarrassment to Burnett, who says, "It is impossible and inconvenient for me to draw the dividing line between facts that should be and facts that should not be revealed." The extreme terseness of his replies shakes us with a shuddering fear lest the larger part of his career is unfit for publication. From the meagre details at our disposal, however, we gather that of the ten years since graduation, he has spent three in San Francisco, studying and practicing law, with an occasional aspiration toward the Episcopal ministry, which was never fulfilled. One year was spent (we don't know how, for there he "draws his line"), at Chiepas, Mexico, two years as a miner in the silver mines at Virginia City, Nevada, and the last four years practicing law at San Diego, Cal. From other sources, not from Burnett, we learn that he is doing well in his profession, was married four years ago, and has a daughter, Phyllis Cleveland. In spite of this nomenclature, Burnett is a Republican, and a "Protectionist with a seasoning of free whiskey." Address, Lawyers' Block, San Diego, Cal.

HORACE J. CAMPBELL. This presuming bald headed Yankee sends us a narrative of his exploits, which would take four pages of this record, besides forwarding us photographs of two of his best bridges for reproduction in the pictorial department. Horace, however, must have his achievements boiled down, and in the way of illustrations, must rest content with the accurate and faithful reproduction of his own handsome lineaments.

Our quinquennial left him practicing engineering and architecture in Palatka, Fla. While there he located several lines of railroad, and designed and superintended the construction of a number of public buildings, hotels, &c., the principal of which were the Court House at Gainesville, Fla., and the jail at Savannah,

CLASS
of '80

UNION



BURNETT.

CAMPBELL.

BRONK.

CRANE.

DIXON.

CRAIG.

DAVENPORT.

Ga. In 1886, he was taken possession of by malaria, and spent a year at or near his old Vermont home. In February, 1887, he went to Chicago, and became bridge engineer for the extension of the Atchison, Topeka & Santa Fe railway, from Kansas City to Chicago. In this connection he planned and directed the construction of five large iron bridges, the principal of which were those crossing the Illinois river at Chillicothe, Ill., the Mississippi, at Ft. Medina, Iowa, and the Des Moines river. Photographs of the two former represent graceful yet substantial structures, of which the designer and the Class may well be proud, and over which we may ride without a qualm of fear.

In the employ of this company, he was, in 1888, sent East to examine into various railway enterprises offered to the company, and to interest Eastern capital in their development. One of these examinations took him, in January, 1889, to Arkansas, and resulted in the purchase and reorganization of the Central Arkansas Railway, of which Campbell became a director, general manager and chief engineer. A few months later he gobbled the Stuttgart and Arkansas River Railway and became its president. For passes on either of these roads, address Stuttgart, Ark.

He is married and has a daughter, whom he declares to be the "image of her father." If this be fact, he will have to strengthen the hinges of the front gate and lock the windows o' nights when she comes of marriageable age. He is a member of the American Society of Civil Engineers, a vestryman of the Episcopal church, a Republican and a Prohibitionist, or as much of either or both as his Arkansan environment renders it healthful to be, although from several portions of his anatomy it is said that bullets glance as harmlessly as from an alligator's back. He believes in moderate protection, in "shiping" subsidies and in Blaine's reciprocity scheme. He has forgiven Alexander, but not Rogers, for the lacteal newness of the beverage they set up for him third term Freshman.

Address, Stuttgart, Arkansas.

JOSEPH D. CRAIG. With the exception of the summer of 1886, spent in Europe, Joe has devoted himself with assiduity and success to the practice of medicine in Albany. For some years past he has combined instruction with practice, having been

Demonstrator in Anatomy in the Albany Medical College since 1887, and was early this year appointed Lecturer on Anatomy in the same institution. He is also the attending physician at St. Vincent Asylum in Albany. He is a member of the Albany County Medical Society, of the Fort Orange Club, and of the permanent Unconditional Republican Club of Albany. At the annual meeting of the Union Chapter of Phi Beta Kappa, in 1886, he was elected an honorary member. He is an unconditional Republican, a Presbyterian, a Protectionist, and a High License man. He has no wife and no reasonable excuse to offer for his delinquency. Address, 12 Ten Broeck street, Albany, N. Y.

FRANK P. S. CRANE. For the first few years after graduation, Crane's career bid fair to be as varied and as prolific of adventure as those of the wise Ulysses and the pious Æneas, and he would undoubtedly have developed into an Epic hero of large proportions had not the Fates willed otherwise and directed his course to a place where the only career open to him was the prosaic one of pursuing the "almighty dollar."

Not having any thing definite in view, he first settled in New York City, where, with all the patience of Micawber, he waited for something to turn up. After a few months his patience was rewarded in having an opportunity to join an engineering party engaged in the survey of a new railroad in New York and New England. Availing himself of this opportunity, he sojourned in the "land of steady habits," and some of the other New England States for about a year, and then transferred his engineering operations to Topeka, Kansas, where he had a very dry time living under the prohibitory laws of that State. Yearning for a moister climate, he returned to the East after a stay of about eight months and settled in Middletown, New York, where he has since resided. For a time after his return he continued the business of a civil engineer and added to it that of a contractor laying sewers, putting in water-works, etc. His next venture was in the business of quarrying blue stone, after which he embarked in the coal and lumber business, in which he still continues. The firm which was formerly Gordon & Crane, is now Crane & Swayze.

Although a man of marked literary tastes, Crane has written no

books, an omission that is probably attributable to phenomenal modesty. He seems, however, to have done his full duty as a public spirited citizen during his residence in Middletown, for he has served three years as assistant foreman of the Excelsior Hook and Ladder Company ; one year as Chancellor Commander of Launcelot Lodge of the Knights of Pythias ; three years as a member of the Board of Education ; four years as Superintendent of the Sunday School of the First Congregational Church, of which he is a member, and is now serving as a Trustee of that church, having recently been elected to that position.

In politics Crane is a Republican, "in favor of protection to a certain extent." Having satisfied himself by a series of interesting experiments that the prohibitory laws of Kansas and Maine are failures, he is "in favor of very high license."

Crane was married in 1883, to Miss Rosa, of Schenectady, who died about five years ago, leaving one child. He was again married on June 26th of this year, to Miss Nellie Pronk, of Middletown, and their wedding tour included a few days' visit with the boys of the Class in camp, at Bolton, on Lake George.

Address, Middletown, N. Y.

FRANK S. DAVENPORT. We were somewhat unprepared for the volume of history, biography, poetry and reminiscence which Davenport shipped us (National Express, D. H.), giving his career from his first squawk down to the birth of his last boy. He was the first of the Class to enter the matrimonial field, leaving college for that purpose, while the rest of us got a bolt in Logic on the strength of it, the reverend professor having been summoned to perform the ceremony. He also claims the first baby, his daughter Bessie having been born June 18, 1880, five days before the graduation of the class. Ripton will therefore have to retire to second place. Davenport is still, as in the quinquennial bulletin, the valued agent of the National Express Company at Mechanicsville, "with a year old boy to paste labels." He "congregates with Presbyterians of good Republican principles, savored with Protection and High License." He comes to the front to solve one of the historic enigmas of the century, by announcing that it was Hobbs who spiked the Sophomore cannon in our Freshman year. He probably knows

whereof he speaks. Bessie died January 25, 1882. A son, Harry Lee, was born September 24, 1889, and treasured by the proud father next to the head of the cane which we took from '81, that honorable section of the trophy having been awarded to Davenport for the conspicuous part he bore in that sanguinary fight.

Address, Mechanicsville, N. Y.

GEORGE E. DIXON. No report. Treats our Chesterfieldian circular and repeated personal prods with reserve and scorn. Only his whiskered mug was received, and that may have been sent by his legal representatives. However, we hazard the statement that he still lives, and is probably still principal of the Egbert High School, in Cohoes, N. Y.

ANDREW H. DOUGHERTY. With his well known modesty, Andy writes the reviewer that he "wishes his biography to be brief and with nothing high flown about it," and to be consistent, his replies to the interrogatories of our circular were decidedly brief, but alas, for Andy! his record is too well known to be dependent upon his census reports.

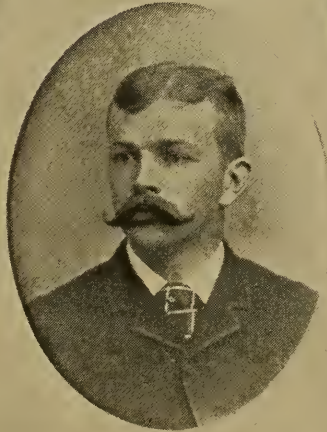
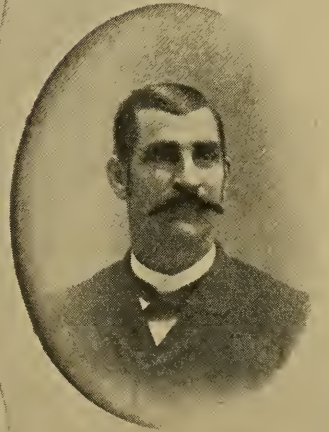
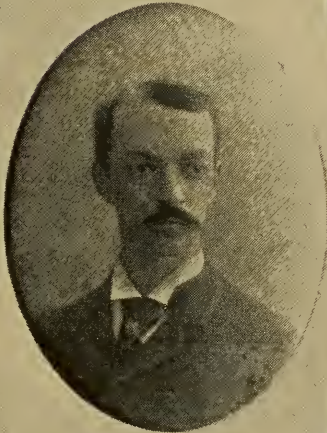
We left him in our quinquennial established in Albany, after a long period of study in Paris. The intervening five years have been spent in the study of art, and have established for him a reputation for excellence of work which will soon place him at the head of his profession as a portrait artist. He has spent a year and a half in Paris, and on September 10, of this year, sailed again for the gay capital. Ripton avows that he doubts Andy's devotion to art, and fears that he has fallen from the grace he claimed in '85.

When in Albany, he is located at 59 North Pearl street, where, in his bachelor quarters, he gladly welcomes all the boys of '80, and always opens his famous ice chest, in which it is said Thompy slept when visiting him last summer, and to an old classmate, he always shows his choice collection of pictures.

In his response, Andy's literary achievements is represented by an X, but we do not forget his class poems which have covered him with glory, even if he was unable to fit the last one to the tune selected. As a narrator of short tales, his reputation is also well established.

CLASS
of '80

UNION



ELY.
GIBSON.

DOUGHERTY.
GADSDEN.
GODFREY.

FITZGERALD.
GLOVER.

He attends the Reformed Church, of course, and is inclined to think he is a Greenbacker. He is strongly in favor of Tariff and Ballot Reform, in fact, any thing that smacks of reform strikes Andy hard, and accounts for his trying to pass at the Lake as a reformed bunco-steerer. He is not married, but dreadfully wants to be, and really ought to be.

Address, 59 North Pearl street, Albany, N. Y.

FRANK S. ELY. After five years' experience as station agent on the Manhattan Elevated Railway in New York, he became a traveling salesman for C. Rogers & Bros., of Meriden, Conn., in the silverware business, and traveled extensively over the country, especially in the West and South. Was married in 1883, and is now settled in New York City as the manager of the New York store of Rogers & Bros.

Address, 163 East 122d street.

JOHN L. FITZGERALD. Fitzzy's replies are, of course, curt and monosyllabic. From them we gather, however, that since our quinquennial he has been engaged in engineering work, with an office in Schenectady, making a specialty of sewer and water-works designing and construction. In the way of literary work, has contributed various papers to engineering periodicals. Maintains a modest reserve, not to say reticence, as to his religious and political predilections, perhaps having none of either worth mentioning. Is a member of the American Society of Civil Engineers. Married in 1888, as shown in Appendix. "No kids." Failed to show up at any of the Class exercises at the Reunion.

Address, Schenectady, N. Y.

EDWARD MILES GADSDEN. If Eddie's speech at the Class supper reflected his true sentiments, and we know that it did, the completion of his college course at Washington and Lee failed utterly to wean his affections from old Union, or Union's Class of '80. He took a law course at W. and L. subsequent to his graduation there in 1880, and from 1881 to 1884, practiced law in Atlanta, Ga. In the latter year he took a position, under the Civil Service Act, in the Post Office department at Washington,

where he has served three administrations with fidelity and credit. "My special articles have, as yet, not been appreciated, and bear the legend, 'Not available for our columns;' hence have not been given that publicity which they merited. Have captured one prize of the feminine persuasion, and bear with becoming dignity the title, honorably acquired, of "Pa," with which I am greeted by a chorus of voices at the daily meeting of the select society over which I happily preside." Gadsden takes the prize in being the only one in the Class to have more than one baby born in a single day. His powers of concentration were always most remarkable. "I am the proud and happy father of two charming and lovely daughters, both born April 11, 1886, who are a happy combination of the best Old Virginia and South Carolina stock, and who are said to have fortunately inherited all the beauty of their grand-parents." He is an Episcopalian by inheritance and preference, and a Democrat "with independent tendencies" (under the present administration). Believes in a tariff for revenue only, and in ballot and high license reforms.

Address, P. O. Department, Washington, D. C.

WILLIAM J. GIBSON. Has continued to practice the healing art "first, last and all the time," since the publication of our last bulletin, at the old stand in Philadelphia. In fact, he practiced it so assiduously as to completely break him down in health, and in July of last year was sent into the Adirondacks, where, with the exception of a single visit home, he has since remained, in the vicinity of Saranac Lake and Wawbeek, the latter being his present address. He there rapidly improved, running his 111 pounds avoirdupois up to 140. In May last he had an attack of pleurisy which left him in rather bad shape, but later reports indicate a decided, and we trust, permanent improvement. He will probably spend the coming winter in Asheville, N. C.

Gibson is a prominent member of the Medical Society of Pennsylvania, and has written various articles for different medical journals. He is one of the Board of Managers of the Central Y. M. C. A., of Philadelphia, and has held various offices in local organizations. He is a member and an elder of the Fourth United Presbyterian Church of Philadelphia, and was a delegate to the General Assembly of the U. P. Church, in 1888.

He declares himself a Republican in national politics, but independent on local issues. "Married once, to a Philadelphia girl, which still holds," and owns a fine boy, William Stewart Gibson, two years old.

Office address, 711 S. 19th street, Philadelphia, Pa.

DAVID F. GLOVER. After spending four years in teaching, Glover went West, according to Greeley's advice, and located in Bayfield, Wis., where he began the practice of his profession as a civil engineer, and where he has met with great success. He successfully engineered two railroads, the Bayfield Transfer R. R. and the Bayfield Harbor & Great Western R. R., and is a director in each. He is president of the Dalrymple Improvement Co., an incorporated body formed for the purpose of improving a town site on Bayfield Harbor, and has held several offices of honor and trust in his town. He has not, however, been as successful in politics as in his profession, for he says: "The fact is, I am too honest to make a good run on a ticket, and the above defect in my character causes me to run behind the rest of the ticket. I succeeded, however, before I was so well known, in being elected County Surveyor without an opposing vote, and, two years later, was elected by a large majority as an Assessor, but when the tax-payers paid their taxes next year they said the assessment was too honest and that subdued my aspirations at once."

He is a bachelor, a trustee and elder of the Presbyterian Church, a Republican, in favor of protection, ballot reform and very high license.

Address, Bayfield, Wis.

ELI S. GODFREY. The varied and erratic career chronicled in the triennial and quinquennial Bulletins terminated while under Rogers' beneficent influence in Westerly, R.I., and Chub there settled down to a steady and respectable life. Until the spring of '87, he remained as chief of the draughting department of the printing press manufactories of C. B. Cottrell & Sons, but then his roving disposition got the better of him, and he joined a surveying party as chief assistant engineer to lay out the Tenn. & N. C. R. R., and till August, 1887, he tramped

the mountains of Tennessee to his heart's and legs' content. Then he purchased the interest of a retiring partner in the firm of A. B. See & Co, elevator manufacturers in Brooklyn, N. Y., where he is now located, doing a constantly increasing business and fast acquiring wealth, so that no longer can he be classed as dead broke.

The sad portion of Godfrey's history and of more than ordinary interest to all the Class is the story of the sickness and death of his son, Edwin Alexander Godfrey, in 1886, the first-born of the Class and the recipient of the Class cup at the Triennial Reunion. Edwin was a precocious child, unusually bright and mature for his years, but never of rugged health or constitution, and on account of his frailness had nestled deeper into the affections of his parents than a healthier child might possibly have done. Not often in the history of a college class can it be recorded of the class baby that it was assisted at its birth by a classmate, named after a classmate, and attended during its life and last sickness by a classmate, as was the class baby of '80. Time, the great assuager of grief, has brought to the stricken parents some relief, but the advent of another child, Eli S. Godfrey, Jr., who was born April 21, 1887, has brought to Eli and his wife new joy, and to-day, a round-faced, rugged little urchin fills the house with music and noise and takes the place of their first-born in the hearts of the '80 boys who knew him.

Eli has never rushed into print or gained notoriety in the political world, but has, nevertheless, made his mark in the world by strict attention to business. He is, of course, a Republican, a member of the Union League Club of Brooklyn, and, he says, a Methodist, but when he attended church last is unknown to the chronicler. His devotion to amateur photography and his ability to smoke cigarettes were the wonder of the camp at Buena Vista.

Address, 116 Front street, Brooklyn, N. Y.

DANIEL PATRICK HALPEN. This wild Irishman from Albany maintains a gloomy and impenetrable silence in the face of our solicitations for a single word of comfort to assure us that he still breathes this mundane ether. We know he is an

inhabitant of Albany, and we easily recognize the classic phiz which appears in another column. On information and belief we allege that he has a wife and a few little Halpens, but as to how many there are of the latter, their age, sex, color or conditions of servitude, that information and belief does not extend, and we therefore say not. We are also informed on credible authority that he is a lawyer in Albany, in full and regular standing, and a clerk of the Supreme Court for the Fourth Judicial District. It is safe to predicate, *a priori*, that he is still a Democrat and a Roman Catholic, with leanings towards Prohibition. We venture the hope that he has permanently reformed, is living a quiet and respectable life, has forgiven Whitey and purged his soul of the all-pervading, all-penetrating, omnipresent and far reaching cussedness which made him a terror to Freshmen and life a burden to all the dwellers in South Section, S. C., Whitey included. Address, 103 Madison avenue, Albany, N. Y.

HERBERT D. HOBBS. Not heard from, but we fear he is still alive. Nobody knows any thing about him, and his own people and old neighbors at Malone are unable to reveal his whereabouts. It is said there that Hobbs, after running a somewhat variegated career, changed the name which stands on our Class roll for another more euphonious, and went to the Territories of the Wild West to lose himself. He has, so far as this Committee is concerned, effectually succeeded.

Hobbs was naturally one of the most brilliant men in College, and had he behaved himself and taken care of himself, would have been an honor to the Class. He thus points the moral, even if his history and portrait do not adorn the tale of '80's decennial jubilee.

JOHN ICKLER. "Honest John" has forfeited forever all claim to this title of honorable distinction. He has proved to be a dissembler of the most deceptive and secretive order, and a gay Lothario as well. He attended our Reunion and spent two weeks on Lake George with the gang, passing himself off on the boys and the pretty waiter girls as heart whole and fancy free, while at the same time and all the time he had a dark secret buttoned up under his vest which he withheld even from

Dougherty and Aleck. Within three weeks after the boys had shaken the Dutchman's hand in parting, they received an announcement of his marriage and departure for Europe on his wedding tour. He was married on August 5th to Miss Ida Stowell, and on the 27th sailed for the Vaterland, to be absent a year or more, visiting the interesting places of Europe. The Dutchman deserves all the happiness he's got and all the congratulations he has received, but he might have given us an opportunity of offering them in advance and of getting a set-up off him. The following, written only a few brief weeks before the happy event, shows the depth of his deception and his wicked and fraudulent representations: "I am not married, and can't afford to be. Haven't any children and don't want any. Have trouble enough without."

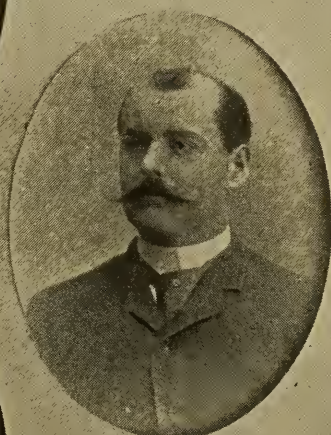
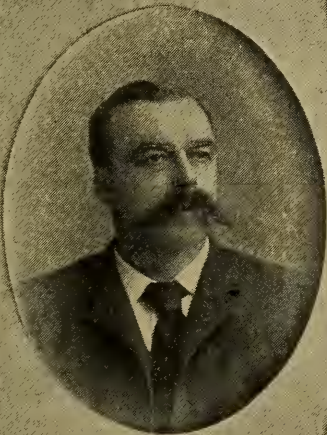
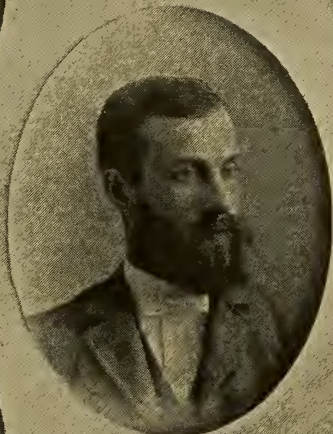
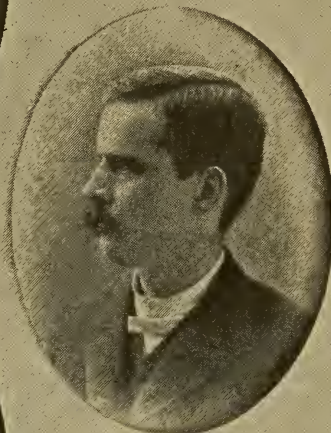
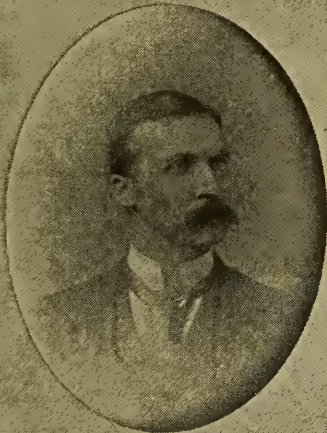
Ickler has remained in the real estate business, steadily extending the city limits of St. Paul to include his numerous "additions" and gradually swelling his bank account. For several years he took Ben. in partnership, made his fortune for him, and then sent him back to dig worms. Was for a time collector of the municipality of South St. Paul. He maintains all his ardent devotion for Union and '80, and is in all respects the same dear old John. It was painful, however, to note at Lake George the degeneration in the Dutchman's formerly exemplary habits, to see him puffing at a clay pipe, to hear him cussing over a poor hand at cards, or to follow him into the rear door of a Lake George saloon on Sunday to have him set up the beer. One of Ickler's many distinguished services to the Class was his construction of the *σχετλιος παιδαγωγος* clause, now permanently imbedded in our Class cry.

Address, 147 Dakota avenue, St. Paul, Minn.

WILLIAM H. INGRAM. Our Sophomore president is mingling law, real estate, loan brokerage, farming, dairying and journalism in various proportions at Sumter, S. C., the first and last professions, however, claiming his chief attention, and as in the cases of Thompson and Alexander, the two professions seem to mingle with ready affinity. He studied law at the Albany Law School and at Columbia, S. C., and began practice at Manning, his native town. At the age of 21 he was elected

CLASS
of '80

UNION



INGRAM.
KEMP.

ICKLER.
LONDON.
LEGGÉ.

HALPIN.
LAWRENCE.

Probate Judge of Clarendon County. Thence he went, in 1882, to DuPont, Ga., and engaged in the manufacture of resin and turpentine. A year later he went to Ocala, Fla., and for five years devoted himself to running a law office there and editing a local newspaper, interrupted only by a cruise of several months among the Spanish islands. Two or three years ago he returned to his native State and took up his favorite avocations. He is now at the head of the law firm of Ingram & Manning, and is the editor of the *Watchman and Southron*, published at Sumter. Is an Episcopalian, and a Democrat, favors free trade, free speech and free whiskey.

“Unmarried. Am guilty without excuse. Have never made but one effort in that line. I failed ignominiously, was mortified and am hardened. As I grow older I feel less and less inclined to embark in waters I know not of.”

He fully expected to be present at the Reunion, but the conjunction of a big litigation, a mammoth real estate deal with an English syndicate, and the absence of his partner, prevented his leaving home. He writes: “To say that I am disappointed but mildly expresses the absolute sorrow I feel at not being with you as I long anticipated. Please make my excuses and give my love to the dear boys. Yours in the ties of '80.”

Address, Sumter, S. C.

JOHN A. KEMP. He continues to practice law and politics in Delaware county, where politics are thicker to the acre than any where else in the State. He is high in the Republican councils of the county, and has represented it in various State and district conventions. He was elected, and strange to say, re-elected, Supervisor of the town of Delhi, and during his second term was chairman of the Board. “I am free to confess that I have hustled for political preferment of higher importance, and got left. The dear people were not sufficiently impressed with my pulchritude and evident qualifications for the office, and too many of them voted for the other fellow.” However, we all know Kemp's bull-dog pertinacity of purpose, and it is pretty safe to predict that he will get there, and that before another five years, any '80 lawyer who wants an extra allowance will carry his motion into the Third judicial district, and will

get all he asks, if not more. While adhering strictly to his former political tenets, Kemp is an apostate from Calvin, and now rises and falls with the highest of the high Episcopalians. Calvinism lost much of its attractiveness when the organist and singing teacher of the First Presbyterian church at Schenectady went off and married another fellow. He has gone "way over" and has recently been elected a vestryman of St. John's church, in Delhi. "I still revel in single blessedness, sewing buttons on my shirts and darning my own socks." Address, Delhi, N. Y.

WM. B. LANDRETH. While graduating with '81, Landreth shows the good effects of his training with '80, and fortunately has few of the qualities of '81. He has steadily and successfully adhered to his profession of engineering, and has gained considerable prominence therein. Was for several years associated in business with Fitzgerald, his brother-in-law and former classmate, but the partnership is now dissolved. Landreth was city engineer of Schenectady from '85 to '87, and superintendent of sewers in the latter year. Has lately been in charge of the construction of a sewer system at White Plains, N. Y. He is a member of the American Society of Civil Engineers, and has written various pamphlets, reports, and articles in the line of his profession. Is a Republican, Protectionist, Ballot and High License reformer. His religious tenets he thus sums up, "My wife is an Episcopalian. I generally show up on Easter Sunday with a large contribution and a new hat. Two children, both girls." Address, Schenectady, N. Y.

ROBERT J. LANDON. To those who have recently seen the Judge, what a satire is the remark made by the Historian in the triennial, that "on his upper lip hovers the faint suspicion of a mustache." Now it would read, "in the mass of whiskers one faintly discerns the outlines of the Judge."

Those whiskers were the wonder of the Decennial. Some thought that from his devotion to music he liked to hear the wind whistling through them; others, that economy allowed them to grow, but the commission appointed to trim his beard, out of respect for the Judge, allowed them to remain intact when he confidentially revealed to them that he wore his whiskers to

conceal an aggravated case of umbilical hernia complicated by Phlegmasia Dolens.

Since hanging out his shingle in '83, the Judge has gone on in his slow but steady way, practicing "law and economy," with evident success in both, for he has taken to himself a wife, and bought him a house, two luxuries in which a poor man cannot with safety indulge. He was married Nov. 12, 1885, to Mary T. Gilmour, of Schenectady, and already has one son, who glories in the name of his grandfather, Judson Stuart Landon. The Judge's home is always open for wandering sons of '80, and many of the boys have in commencement time enjoyed his open hospitality. What more can we say of the Judge? In his moderate way, he is slowly climbing to success, and will some day burst on our vision in the high rank his abilities deserve. A Republican always, he has attained the honor of kicking to pieces a Republican machine and of encouraging the growth of a purer quality of politics in Schenectady County. He is a member of the Board of Health of Schenectady, and the heir apparent for the Supreme Court bench.

Address, Schenectady, N. Y.

JAMES S. LAWRENCE. Although Lawrence left us at the close of his Sophomore year to complete his course at Cornell, he stayed with us long enough to enable him to participate in most of the stirring events of that year, and thus to catch the bold and enterprising spirit which characterizes the men of '80, and causes them to succeed so signally in every calling of life. Thus we find Lawrence, immediately after leaving Cornell, seeking his fortune in Gunnison County, Colorado, where he has since continued to reside. During a portion of the years 1881 and 1882, he acted as General Manager of the Coal and Silver properties of the Gunnison Improvement Company, and for nearly two years succeeding, was general bookkeeper of the First National Bank of Gunnison, and also Vice-President and General Manager of the Gunnison Smelting Company, while the same was operated there. He is now living at Gunnison, the County seat, and devoting his entire time to silver mining.

Although Lawrence states that he has taken no extensive voyages or trips of travel, that he has written no books or

compromising letters, and that the mantle of glory has not so fallen upon him as to obscure his identity, it is a fair inference from the fact that he was once City Councilman and Mayor *pro tem*, that he narrowly escaped having greatness thrust upon him. He admits having the reputation of being a "fishing crank," and states that he is an Episcopalian, a Republican "from 'way back," a protectionist and an advocate of high license.

The most startling portion of Lawrence's autobiographical letter is contained in two final confessions—the first, that he is still unmarried, and the second, that he is slowly but surely getting bald; and although his reputation for truth and veracity is equal to that of the hero of the little hatchet story, his classmates, who remember his manifold "winning ways," will accept with many grains of allowance, his statement that his failure to get married is due to "lack of consent by other parties."

Address, Gunnison, Col.

CLAUDE L. LEGGE. Has taught ever since leaving college; for the first six years in the Porter Academy in Charleston, where he was himself fitted for college, and then for two years in the High School at Summerville, S. C. In November, 1887, he was recalled to Charleston, to become vice-principal of the Shaw Memorial School, one of the largest public schools in Charleston. This position he still holds. He is a member of the Episcopal Church, and a "Cleveland Democrat." He was married in 1888, and has a fine boy, Lionel, born December 11, 1889. "My interest in Old Union is undiminished by time, and I always rejoice to hear of the members of dear old '80."

Address, 11 President street, Charleston, S. C.

* ROBERT T. S. LOWELL. The first of our graduates against whose name the fatal asterisk is set. Brilliant, genial, loyal to his class, his college and his friends, successful in business, married to the wife of his choice, there was every thing to make life attractive and home happy. He was engaged in the railroad business in Chicago, as mentioned in the quinquennial bulletin, until his death, after a brief illness, March 17, 1887. Lowell's son and namesake was born several months after his death, and both mother and child are now living with Professor Lowell, in

* Deceased.

Schenectady. "A classmate never dies." He lives in perpetual memory. The following memoir was prepared at the time and published by a committee of the Class :

WHEREAS, for the first time since our graduation, Almighty God, by His inscrutable will, has severed the chain so long unbroken, and removed from our number our beloved classmate and friend, ROBERT T. S. LOWELL, Jr.

Resolved, That we deplore the loss of one whose distinguished talents, genial disposition and firm loyalty to class and friends, have left a deep impress upon our minds and hearts, and whose career had reflected credit upon himself and honor upon the Class.

That in sadness and in heartfelt sympathy, we desire to suitably express our sorrow to the young wife, so soon a widow, to the father, our revered instructor of former years, and to the other members of the family of our deceased brother.

That these resolutions be printed and sent to the family of the deceased, and be published in the Schenectady papers.

JOSEPH D. CRAIG,
JOHN V. L. PRUYN,
CHAS. F. BISHOP,
JOHN A. KEMP,
FRED. T. ROGERS,
Committee.

March 25, 1887.

The following extract from an article in the *Albany Journal*, written by a classmate, leaves little to be said in the way of eulogy, and expresses most feelingly the sentiments of the whole Class :

Chiefly through the wishes of his family, he chose Chicago as the field of his life-work, and became connected with the Chicago, Burlington and Quincy railroad, one of his brothers being a prominent official in that corporation. From a subordinate position, young Lowell rapidly rose until he was placed at the head of one of the most important departments of the road, and had entered upon a career which already reflected credit upon himself with promise of distinction in the future. From his father's family as well as from that of his mother, who was a Miss Duane, Mr. Lowell inherited a natural ability much above the average. He was an attentive and careful student, and from temperament and training, had the power to achieve success in whatever line of work he chose to pursue. The many noble traits of his character can be borne witness to by one who was his classmate and who sat next to him in his father's Latin classes, often reading from the same book. Kindly in disposition and courteous to all, with the highest sense of honor and of justice, Mr. Lowell was never known to do an improper act nor to speak ill of any one. Nor did any one ever speak ill of him. He was held in affectionate esteem by all who knew him. His death is the first to break the ranks of his class since graduation, and is particularly sad from the fact that he leaves a widow, the bride of a few months.

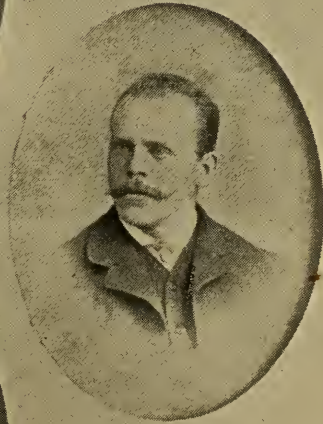
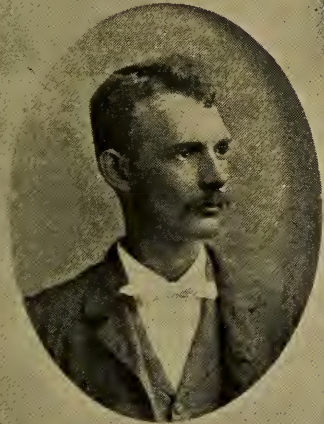
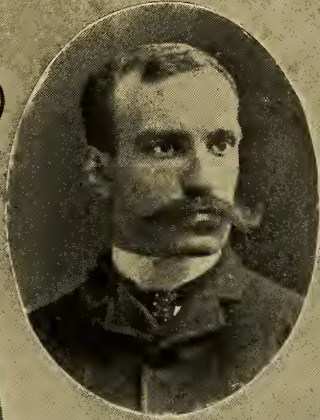
WILLIAM THEODORE McCORKLE. Mac successfully eluded the most searching scrutiny of our triennial and quinquennial committees, and only the most vigorous detective work on the part of this committee has discovered him in his lair. He left college for reasons of his own at the end of Freshman year, and returned to his home in Greenville, South Carolina. In the fall of 1879, the family removed to East Tennessee, whence his father had refugeed in the troublous times of 1864. Soon afterwards he took a position as agent of the Richmond & Danville R. R. Co. at Greenville, S. C. Wearying of this in two years, he returned to Tennessee and engaged in farming and stock-raising and kept it up with varying success for six years. In the spring of 1888 he was induced, by a promising offer, to abandon country life and to accept a position in the office of the East Tennessee, Virginia and Georgia Railway, at Knoxville, Tenn. "Am not married and have no prospects." It will be noticed that he still clings tenaciously to the inevitable white tie.

Address, E. Tenn., Va. & Ga. Ry. Co., Knoxville, Tenn.

JAMES M. McMASTER. Mac is no longer "on probity." The probity is now on him, and he is the leading lawyer in Birmingham, Ala., the "Chicago of the South," to which larger arena he moved from Columbia, S. C., in 1887. If we may trust his word, and we always did, Mac's matrimonial ventures have not met with the same success as his professional. His quinquennial announcement we all remember. Now he confesses: "Lately I did come *very near* succeeding. If the party of my ambition had only said 'yes,' I would have proudly exclaimed, 'You are mine,' and then there would have been a tableau. But alas! *Heu me miserum!* The Fates decreed otherwise, and she said 'No.' A narrow escape, but I console myself with the sweet reflection that the good Lord is saving me along for some good woman yet." Hopeful, philosophical, and light-hearted to the last—our own little Mac all over! He is, of course, a Democrat, and has frequently been the president of political ward clubs. While in South Carolina was First Lieutenant in the State militia. Is now a director in a large flour mill company in Birmingham. Is a Presbyterian, a Democrat, a free-trader, and declares for high license. He promised faithfully to attend the

CLASS
of '80

UNION



McCORKLE.
MUHLFELDER.

LOWELL.
McMASTER.
PARRY.

THOMPSON.
NOBLE.

Decennial Reunion, but disappointed all the boys by failing to show up on the campus. His own grief is expressed with that wealth of exuberant diction we all so well remember: "It is a matter of profound regret that business matters of great importance prevent my attending the Reunion of grand old '80, for I had impatiently awaited the day when I should again grasp the hand and catch the kindly glance of the eye of each and every comrade. Remember me to the dear boys, each and every one. Tell them that we of '80 are bound together with the golden band of love. Sweet memories of the past come over me like a rushing tide—the days of buoyant hope, of study and pleasure, of poetry and song, of class-room and examination, of love's young dream, and all the catalogue of student amenities. How I wish I could be present to indulge in mutual reminiscences which we could rehearse to each other only in confidence! We were none of us any too good in college, but there is, even in retrospect, a spice in college deviltry and wickedness. But whatever were the pleasures, whether midnight carousing or painting parties, whether caused by Wiencke's refreshments or the natural exuberance of youthful spirits, the earnest hours of work and study we now view with satisfaction, and if persisted in by the men of '80, we will climb the ladder to the stars. I still hope to meet you at Lake George, and hear the pleasures of the night." But he didn't meet.

Address, 2001½, corner 20th street and Second avenue, Birmingham, Ala.

WM. J. McNULTY. Not heard from, except from the following, taken from the St. Louis *Globe-Democrat*, January 29, 1890:

A NEW STREET ENGINEER.

W. J. McNulty has been appointed engineer of surveys for the Street Department. He leaves the St. Louis, Iron Mountain and Southern Railway Company to accept this position, having served with that company for two years as assistant engineer in charge of maintenance of way. Immediately prior to that engagement Mr. McNulty was in charge of construction of new branch lines for the Missouri Pacific Railway Company in Kansas. His long and varied experience in engineering work will make Mr. McNulty a valuable addition to the corps of Street Commissioner Burnet.

DAVID MUHLFELDER. We are glad to chronicle that during the last five years, Dave has, in at least one respect, grown, and that is, bald headed. His nature, too, except where stunted by frequent association with other lawyers at the *bar*, has grown better than when he was the bully of S. S. N. College, and bossed Rogers and Dougherty around, playing high, low, jack with the former, to see who should get the water, and build the fire. By his peculiar adeptness in manipulating the cards, he uniformly succeeded in sticking Rogers, resulting, of course, in Dougherty's getting the water.

Dave has met with success in Albany, and his business and bank account have steadily grown in dimensions since his partner died and Dave had the settling of his estate. This proves that he fully grasps the capabilities of the law as a profession, and he is to-day the banker to whom impecunious '80 boys apply when strapped and near Albany.

In 1887, he hungered for journalistic honors, and was editor of the *Fair Journal*, a daily publication in the interests of a new Synagogue in Albany. He has been President of the Adelphi Club of Albany for two years, and is a prominent factor in the social circles of his city. Dave is not married, and claims that the space allowed him on the circular is not large enough to contain all his good excuses.

A Republican in politics, he is not a partisan, but has strong inclinations towards Tariff Reform and Prohibition (of making any more lawyers). He still plays whist, and *occasionally* smokes.

Address, Room 46, Bensen Building, Albany, N. Y.

EDWARD B. NOBLE. Noble was one of that large number of promising men whom it was the misfortune of the Class to lose before graduation. Unlike the departure of some of the others, however, it seems to have been a voluntary act on his part; and, though the Class was not disposed to pardon desertions from the ranks without good cause shown, Noble's subsequent career has been such as to atone for the one offense. From the meagre account of his life that he has given us, we learn that he entered upon a business career after leaving college; that he was in New York city for about one year, and in Amsterdam for about two years, and that during the rest of the time he has been in Albany,

where he now resides. He was at one time employed by the State Insurance Department, and as Assistant Resident Engineer, on the West Shore railroad, but is now Cashier for Armour & Co., at Albany. In religion, he announces himself a Presbyterian, and in politics, a Republican, in favor of both protection and high license.

Noble is one of those courageous men of '80 who has ventured to embark on the uncertain sea of matrimony. He began the voyage in September, 1888, and in May, 1890, the name of a baby boy was added to the passenger list. Davenport possesses the inalienable honor of having been the first daddy, and Noble seems to have the call on the fleeting and transitory distinction of being the last, or rather, the latest daddy, but not having the latest press despatches from Scranton and Washington, we are unable to announce it as an indubitable fact.

Address, 74 Division street, Albany, N. Y.

JOHN E. PARRY. Parry was one of the first of the Class who took his degree as a "quituate," having left College in June, 1877, to enter upon a business career. "Jack," like Artemus Ward's kangaroo, was "an amosin' little cuss," and his genial presence was much missed during the three pleasant years of our course that remained after his departure. There is a tradition that he was immensely popular among the fair maidens of "Dorp," and that his failure to return with the prestige of a Sophomore caused untold anguish to numerous admirers. But that is a sad subject, and we will pass on to the next. After "quituating," Jack returned to Sandy Hill, and in March, 1878, began to make himself generally useful in the First National Bank of that place, and continued there until February, 1879, when he accepted the position of bookkeeper in the Glens Falls National Bank. That position he retained until December, 1881, when he was made teller in the same institution, which position he still holds. During all this time he resided either in Sandy Hill or Glens Falls, as fancy or convenience moved him, until October, 1880, when he took up his permanent residence in Glens Falls. Jack is a benedict of several years' standing, and reports that his home is made happy by the presence of two bright boys. He announces himself an Episcopalian, a Republican, a believer in

protection on articles that may be produced at home, and an advocate of high license.

It will cause surprise, as well as regret, that Jack has not yet "found the glory to cover himself with," but he promises, when he does find it, "to make up for lost time, and plaster it on thick." We wish him success in finding the glory, and predict that his early experience in using "red paint," will enable him to use it artistically.

Address, First National Bank, Glens Falls, N. Y.

ISAAC DE C. PORCHER. "Zike" turns up with the first official report in ten years, but denies the Class the pleasure of looking upon his decennial lineaments, a pleasure we are loath to forego. While his post office address has occasionally changed, his geographical position has not, he having continually, since leaving us at the end of Freshman year, planted cotton on his plantation in St. Johns, Berkeley County, S. C.; and has become a man of influence in his native State. He has taken to politics, Democratic politics, of course, like a duck to water. He says, "I am a Democrat of the Calhoun school of politics, believe in free trade with incidental protection, and in high license." Since 1882, Zike has been a delegate to every county convention, and four State conventions of his party. He is a member of the Farmers' Alliance, and chairman of its Board of Directors for Berkeley County. He was a member of the convention which nominated Tillman for Governor. "I am not married, and being 31 years old, probably never will be,"—not a necessary *sequitur*. He affiliates with the Protestant Episcopal Church, but is not a member. "I would have given any thing to have attended the Class reunion, and deeply regret that I was unable to do so. I still keep up all my interest in the old College, and am always interested in every thing pertaining to her welfare." He is now able to locate "Troy" with geographical precision.

Address, Ophir P. O., Berkeley Co., S. C.

WALTER PEYRE PORCHER. Our Historian in 1885 was obliged to chronicle "Posh" as "not heard from, but known to be a rising physician in Charleston, S. C." We are happy to announce that for the Decennial he has been heard from, and

that he has "riz," for he writes that in 1887, while holding the office of City Physician, he got into a political brawl, and was summarily bounced from his office, and since that time he has risen to the dignity, and been enjoying the delights of private life as a specialist in diseases of the nose and throat. After Porcher graduated in '81 from the Charleston Medical College, he served one year as Interne in the City Hospital, and one year as Secretary of the Board of Health, and then three years as City Physician, or, with the tenacity of the average office holder, until he was left. When relegated to private life he soon acquired a good practice and an enviable reputation in his special line of work. Walter is the originator of a self retaining Palate Retractor, which has attracted considerable attention in professional circles, and won for him the praise of eminent specialists in his line of study. Last year, he spent four months in Germany, as he expresses it, in "polling up his specialty."

He is not married because of "lack of cents," but if that is the only reason, he will, of course, soon enter the dual state, for it is a well known fact that specialists make a fortune in about three years.

An Episcopalian and a Democrat, a believer in free whiskey, and an M. D. Nothing more is needed to afford the Class a pen picture of Posh as he is to-day, ten years away from 1880.

Address, 4 George street, Charleston, S. C.

JOHN V. L. PRUYN. In 1886, Pruyn was appointed aide-de-camp on the staff of Governor Hill, with the rank of Colonel, and declined re-appointment in 1889. In 1887, he was appointed a member of the Albany City Board of Health, but became ineligible for longer service on the Board on account of his election in May, 1888, as an Alderman-at-large for the City of Albany. So far as the Committee are able to discover, the Colonel is the only '80 man who has reached the Aldermanic level. This office he held for two years. While a member of the Albany Common Council, he was a member of the Law Committee, the Committees on Public Buildings and on Public Celebrations and Entertainments, and Chairman of the Committee on Academies and Schools, and of the Committee on Relations of City and County.

In 1881, he was made a Trustee of the Albany Homœopathic Hospital. From 1880 to 1890 he was a Director of the Albany City National Bank, and is now a Trustee of St. Stephen's College at Annandale, N. Y. He is a member of the Fort Orange Club of Albany, the Albany Club, the Albany Institute, the University and Reform Clubs of New York city, the Holland Society, the New York Genealogical and Biographical Society, and the Pipe Roll Society of England. He is a life member of the St. Nicholas Society and of the Sons of the Revolution, and an Honorary member of the Troy Citizens Corps. He is unmarried, and is a practicing lawyer, with an office at 25 North Pearl street, Albany.

He is an Episcopalian, while his political beliefs and aspirations are all embodied and summed up in the famous declaration of his chief, "I am a Democrat."

Address, No. 13 (New No. 19) Elk street, Albany, N. Y.

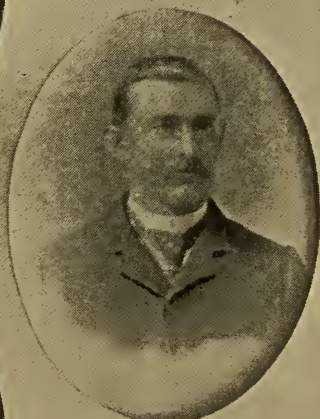
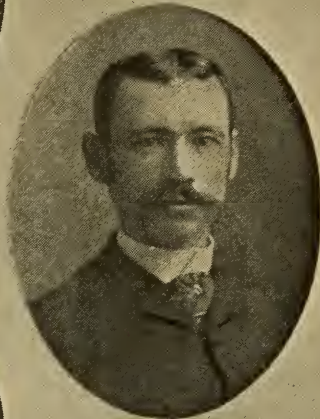
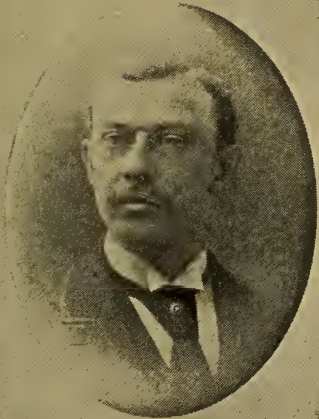
WM. DE C. RAVENEL. Always a favorite with his classmates, Rav. has recently established himself still more firmly in the affections of those who attended the recent reunion. Most of them he had not seen in twelve years. For five years after leaving us, in '78, he was engaged in planting rice on Cooper River, in South Carolina. In 1884 he became an attaché of the U. S. Fish Commission, and for two years conducted an experimental oyster station at Ridge, St. Mary's Co., Md. For the last three years has been in charge of a shad hatchery station at Havre de Grace, Md., besides investigating the fisheries of the South Atlantic coast, and collecting and compiling fishery statistics all along the coast, from Florida to Virginia, during the winter months, making official returns to the Department, which have been published in its reports. Rav. is a Democrat, of course, "but not one of the Dave Hill stripe," and eloquently "cusses out" the "iniquitous Republican tariff, which taxes every thing used in the production of a plantation and nothing that the planter can sell." He is married and has had four children, three of whom survive.

Address, U. S. Fish Commission, Washington, D. C.

BENJAMIN H. RIPTON. The Professor has clung pretty consistently to the teaching profession for the last ten years, after having tried book-keeping for two years previous. For four

CLASS
of '80

UNION



ROGERS.
SLINGERLAND.

PRUYN.
RIPTON.
SADLER.

W. P. PORCHER.
RAVENEL.

years he ran the Whitestown seminary for the perquisites. Then he went to Mineville, up in the Adirondacks, and taught there until threatened with becoming a Methodist deacon, which impending honor drove him back to the Mohawk water level. Then the old College called him back and he responded with joyfulness and alacrity. He was ambitious to occupy the chair of Latin, but unfortunately he had assisted at the cremation of the chair of Latin in a midnight foray eight years before, and so was made Adjunct Professor of Mathematics. This was in 1886. A year later he was made full professor of mathematics, and is now the worthy successor of Jackson, Price and Chaplin in that honorable professorship. Ripton is now anxiously awaiting the demise of Perk, so as to get the latter's house on the campus, having long since despaired of getting Whitey's or Jack Foster's. He has been repeatedly honored by his *alma mater*, having received his A. B. in 1883, Phi Beta Kappa in 1886, and A. M. in 1887. He is a Methodist and a Democrat, favors a low tariff and Prohibition. He provided the Class at the Reunion with a bushel of tin horns which he had confiscated from the Freshmen, and his lips were glued to one of them pretty constantly during our sojourn at Lake George. It will be noticed he could not part with it even long enough to have his picture taken with the other Profs. Last year he was kept by poor health from performing his college duties, but his Lake George visit with the boys of '80 put new life and vigor in his bones and effectually healed the frightful fissure, the mention of which so stirred the depths of Godfrey's sympathetic heart. He is now in the best possible shape to wrestle with the Freshman and Sophomore intellects.

Address (until after Perk's ascension), 14 Nott Terrace, Schenectady, N. Y.

FRED T. ROGERS. Specialist in diseases of the eye and ear, 538 Broad street, Providence, R. I. The minority of the committee, Bishop and Alexander, decided to give the doctor this flat-footed free ad. rather than have a dozen or more covertly insinuated through the whole texture of this work. His advertising dodges are unique and multifarious. Within a week after he opened his office in Providence, several dozen blinking,

bandaged "patients" a day came along Broad street on the street cars, and when nearing 538 each would ask the conductor in a loud voice, "Let me off to see Dr. Rogers, the celebrated eye doctor." The patients were ushered in the front door and out the back, until the conductors got on to his racket and other devices had to be substituted. Then he presented to the Y. M. C. A. a fine flag which he had appropriated in Westerly as president of the Young Men's Republican Club, and by his generosity secured a handsome notice in the Providence papers. Later on, under pretense of giving an account of the Lake George trip, he suborned an unsuspecting *Telegram* reporter to work in another column notice. By all these methods and a liberal use of red paint on the fences of Rhode Island, he has worked up a practice in six months which would have satisfied any but an '80 doctor after six years.

After eight years' steady practice in Westerly, he sold out his practice and goodwill, in October, 1889, and took up exclusively the specialty which he had been studying and to some extent practicing for years. After a special course in New York and a three months' visit to the Bahamas early this year, he opened his office in Providence in May last. Besides a comfortable private practice he has lately received the appointment of assistant surgeon to the department of the eye and ear in the Rhode Island Hospital, at Providence.

Outside of his profession he has dabbled somewhat in politics and literature. He was for some years president of the Young Men's Republican Club of Westerly, one of the strongest clubs of the State. He was a delegate-at-large for Rhode Island at the National Republican Convention in 1888 and was one of the shouters who tried to stampede the convention to Blaine. In 1889 he was president of the Board of Trustees of the Westerly public schools. He is a member of the R. I. Medical Society and for seven years has been secretary of the Washington County Medical Society, which he was largely instrumental in organizing. He has written several professional articles and reports for medical journals, and in 1889 contributed to the History of Washington County (R. I.), an elaborate article on the history of the profession in that county, with biographies of the most successful practitioners, including, of course, his own. On October

6th last, he read a paper before the Providence Medical Society on "The Relation of Eye Strain to Functional Nervous Diseases," which attracted great attention and was quoted in the New York, Providence and other newspapers. He has a crank notion that all nervous diseases are properly ascribable to affections of the eye.

In 1883, Rogers was elected an honorary member of Phi Beta Kappa. His greatest honor, however, and the height of his wildest ambition, was achieved when he was last June elected President of '80 for the decade which is to wind up the 19th century. In 1887, he was elected assistant-surgeon of the First Regiment, R. I. Militia, with the rank of 1st Lieutenant, and was this year elected to the same office and rank in the First Light Infantry Regiment of Providence, the finest military organization in the State. He sticks up for high license (except when away from home), but "is open to conviction on the tariff." He has two boys, named after Judge and Aleck, respectively, and "expects to live long enough to go through the Class for names down to Sweet." He is still addicted to the weed and the toothpick, but the boys of '80 can condone those and all other failings after his splendid chapel speech in their behalf last June, admittedly the best and most appropriate speech ever gotten off on any similar occasion.

PHILIP J. RYAN. After many hair-breadth escapes on the high seas in the Government service, as an Annapolis cadet, Ryan has finally settled down in New York. He was a member of the Greely Relief Expedition to the Arctic seas, on the steamship "Yantic," and subsequently cruised on the "Shenandoah" and "Wachusset," to the west coast of Africa and the east and west coasts of South America. In 1885, he abandoned the Government service, and his class have a considerable claim in the United States courts for back pay from Uncle Sam. For nearly all the five years subsequent to '85, he has been the Assistant to the Superintendent of Construction in the United States Life-saving stations, with an office at 24 State street, New York. He has grown portly, in spite of his addiction to the cigarette. He still bears allegiance to the Church of Rome, is still a Democrat, but (hear ye, all his old-time cronies) he is now in favor of *high*

license. His house address is 55 West 33d street, New York, but he leaves no family there when he goes to his office.

WILLIAM H. SADLER. Sadler takes the second prize in the whiskers match, and if you doubt it, look at his picture which adorns the Bulletin, and after gazing, can you question his statement that he "lived in Mandan, N. D., six months, in Montana, one and a half years." Nowhere else but in the wild and woolly West can such whiskers be found.

Sadler has followed civil engineering during the whole time since leaving college, and besides his stay in the far West, has been located six months in Sandy Creek, N. Y., and five years in Minneapolis, Minn. Then he was for a year in Schenectady, but a year ago he went to Scranton, Penn., as Assistant Engineer on the Ontario, Carbondale and Scranton R. R. When his work on that road was finished, he entered into a partnership with A. B. Dunning, Jr., County Surveyor in Scranton, and under the firm name of Dunning & Sadler, propose to do all kinds of civil, sanitary and mining engineering. The *Scranton Times*, in its issue of June 11, 1890, speaks of him as follows: "Mr. Sadler is a thoroughly educated engineer, and has had much experience in bridge building, railroading and other intricate work in his line, and we bespeak for the new firm a hearty support from those in want of expert engineering." He is now locating a railroad line from Scranton to Stroudsburg, fifty-five miles. Sadler was married October 25th, 1882, to Alice A. Beaumont, of Schenectady, N. Y., and has had two children, one, however, dying soon after its birth. He is in favor of high license, a Republican, and a Presbyterian, not a surprising condition of things when you know Sadler.

Address, 2067 North Main avenue, Scranton, Pa.

GEORGE HENRY SLINGERLAND. Slingerland! What a power of magic in that name! As it strikes the tympanum with the force of a Greek hexameter, how much of Freshman tribulation and Sophomore glory does it recall! The kidnapping of McCorkle, the midnight raids upon the Freshmen, and the all-night forages for provisions, the paintings of the Idol, the descent on '81's illuminations, the decoration of the town on the

night before St. Patrick's Day, which so enraged the citizens, the rifling of the armory, and the cremation of Bourdon, which called forth his matchless invocation to the Infernal Deities—the most remarkable specimen of profane literature ever evolved from human brain! All these, and many other thrilling events of our College days, come sweeping back over us with the reverberating echoes of that euphonious name. Nor can we ever forget that long ulster, in which Sling, girded himself, worn regardlessly of the temperature, which enveloped in its voluminous folds so much of abstruse knowledge and classic lore, and which was the hidden source of inspiration from which were drawn so many "original" translations of Horace, Æschylus, and other ancient authors. But, alas! he was too gifted to remain long with us. He very soon attracted the attention of the Faculty, who, perceiving that he needed a wider field for the exercise of his talents, sent him, ere his course was half run, as a missionary, to spread the fame of his *alma mater*, and to light the torch of learning on the prairies of the wild and woolly West.

Remembering that we were always glad to give him the floor in the good old days, if only to "make a few gestures," we will now let him, so far as the proprieties of cold type allow, tell the story of his own career, since he departed from us in a blaze of Sophomoric glory, and in his own picturesque language. After stating that he has always lived at Augusta, Illinois, since leaving College, and that he made a trip to California in 1883, and to New York in 1889, he proceeds, in reference to his occupation, as follows: "I am still experimenting with the stubborn glebe. My pumpkins bring me wealth in abundance. I take the pastry for honesty, sobriety and virtue. Charity and hospitality are the grand characteristics of my profession. To feed the hungry, clothe the naked, and bind up the wounds of the afflicted, consume all the leisure moments I have. I am very, very happy; but how much fun I have missed!" In reference to the offices he has held, etc., he continues, as follows: "Have nothing to report under this head except a single term as Pound-master, which office I exalted to a position of honor and responsibility. I am still hoping that, like Cincinnatus of old, who was always conveniently near when wanted, my countrymen will yet seek me out and merit receive its full and just reward. Would not

refuse the office of President of United States if my friends forced it upon me." His religious and political tenets, and his views on the temperance question are thus set forth: "I belong to the Home Baptists. Am Republican on all occasions. Have got it bad. Favor protection, and give it the benefit of every doubt. Am for prohibition when there is no whiskey to be had; at all other times, for free whiskey." In reference to his domestic relations, he says: "I AM married, January 13th, 1885, at 6 o'clock A. M., before breakfast. No children yet, but still have hopes of perpetuating the tribe of Slingerland. Will adopt an orphan or two in case the hope aforesaid should fail." In the light of these admissions, how inane and presumptuous was Sling's historic scheme for inculcating original civilization of the Slingerland type on the Isle of Madagascar! Thus he ruminates:

"Since leaving College—alas! how brief my stay!—I have become of a serious and religious turn. My knees are calloused with secret prayer and repentance." This last information will not surprise any one who remembers the brilliant examination once passed by him in the Westminster Catechism. Being asked "What was the chief end of man?" he replied: "The one that has the head on, of course." As an interesting phenomenon connected with his religious experience, it should be mentioned that as the years increase, a gathering whiteness seems to be gradually overspreading his once raven locks. The skeptical will probably say that this is nothing but the finger-mark of time; but we, who still cling to our ancient faith in the miraculous and the supernatural, believe that his head has been encircled by a halo as a reward for his fervent piety and his virtuous life. His Madagascar scheme has been definitely and permanently abandoned. "It is with tears of sorrow and regret that I have to say I can be with you at the Reunion only in spirit. I would give ten years of my useful and beneficent life to be with you at the time. At the mere thought, my suspenders twitch with joy like a rabbit's mouth on a cabbage leaf. Give my best regards to all the bully boys of '80."

Address, Augusta, Ill.

WRIGHT J. SWEET. Poor Sweet! With a mind never well balanced, abnormally developed in certain directions,

especially in the higher and most intricate mathematics, he was always lacking in the every day qualities which make for success. He followed his mathematical bent for a few years, being at one time computer in the National Observatory in Washington, and later doing some engineering work in southern Ohio. There, some time in '84, what he imagined to be the Divine call struck him, and he dropped his work and went about the country preaching as an evangelist, collecting crowds in school-houses, abandoned churches, on the streets, or wherever he could collect a crowd, passing the hat for revenue, and a very poor living he made. In 1885, his actions became so irrational, that on September 10 he was committed by his friends to the Cleveland Asylum for the Insane, where he is still confined. On May 9th last, Dr. Strong, the Superintendent, wrote: "When he first came to us his principal delusion was that the Lord had called him to preach the Gospel, and preach he must. During his first year here he would occasionally have a maniacal outbreak, with a tendency to more or less violence. He has now gradually degenerated into a condition of dementia, which I fear will prove permanent."

On September 20, Dr. Strong again wrote: "There is nothing new to communicate concerning the case of Mr. Sweet. There has been no apparent change in his mental condition during the last three years. I regard his case as one of chronic, hopeless dementia. He is in fair physical condition, but in view of the permanent brain blight that has come upon him, he doubtless will have, so long as he may live, scarcely more than a mere vegetative existence."

HENRY T. THOMPSON. The Major's presence at our Reunion, after a separation of twelve years, was one of the pleasantest features of the anniversary. While in camp during the two following weeks, he was, when awake, the life and at times the terror of the party. The latter, however, only when he emitted those hair-lifting rebel yells, or when he paused, in the discussion of South Carolina politics, to open his repertory of Southern tales of boot-filling blood. "Thompy" combines the functions of the law office and the editorial sanctum, being a member of the law firm of Dargan & Thompson, and the editor of the Darlington (S. C.) *News*. He taught, for some years

after leaving college, in the Darlington Male Academy and in the South Carolina Military Academy at Charleston, and was then his father's private secretary for three years during the latter's term as Governor. Three years ago he moved back to Darlington to assume charge of the *News*, as editor and proprietor, and there also began the practice of law. He has also attained military distinction, being Adjutant-General of the Third Brigade, S. C. Volunteer Corps, with the rank of Major. In the order of Knights of Pythias he has achieved the highest rank, being Grand Chancellor for the jurisdiction of South Carolina. He and his paper are "Democratic to the backbone," and both are influential factors in the political situation at the South. He opposed vigorously the nomination of the Farmers' Alliance candidate for Governor, but after the nomination fell into line rather than help disrupt the party. He is an Episcopalian, believes in free trade and high license, with incidental protection for "mountain dew." He has two daughters, having lost his only boy and namesake when a few months old. Lest any be misled by the malicious utterances of his disesteemed Southern contemporaries, in the columns of some of which we notice pointed and insulting allusions to "little tin Majors," and "little pigmie 6-inch editors," be it remarked here and now that Thompy stands 5 feet 8½ in his boots, whether full or empty of gore, and can whip any officer of his rank or upwards in South Carolina. It was only the habit he had of wearing Dave Muhlfelder's coat which gave the crowd in camp a minimized conception of his physical proportions.

Address, Darlington, S. C.

LUCAS GROVE TUTTLE. Despite the atrocious sentiments it flaunts, Tuttle's reply to our modest circular is so beautifully lifelike that our feeble efforts to condense it would ruin its chasteness and simplicity. So here it is :

"Answering your catechism, I have only to say that, since leaving college, I have led a most disgustingly quiet and uneventful life, and not even a drunk and a night in the station house, to which I might look back with pleasure. Before leaving College I accepted an engagement as teacher in the Troy Business College, not Troy, the home of Helen The Beautiful (as Zike Porcher

will please note); but Troy, the home of John Morrissey, The Mighty, and Paddy Ryan, the Great. I have been teaching here ever since ; although I do not expect to remain another year.

“ You ask in what manner I have covered myself with glory. I reply : ‘ Not a cover,’ unless the fact that I pay my board bills when I am obliged to and never get trusted at the tailor’s for a second suit of clothes—I mean at the same tailor’s ; unless, as I said, these facts redound to my glory, I must admit myself to be in a state of utter ingloriousness.

“ My parents are Methodists.

“ I have always voted the Republican ticket. At present, however, I can hardly endorse all the Republican doctrines on the tariff question. I am like a great many others ; I want a prohibitory tariff on my own industry and free trade for everybody’s else.

“ Am I married ? I am not ! I fear married life would be too exciting. You see, I am troubled with heart disease and the doctor has cautioned me to avoid all exciting topics and situations, and I fear that if I were married, I should be unable, at all times, to do this. The sad fate recently of a young man in Wisconsin, whose heart, on his wedding night, stopped beating forever, just after he had retired and was about to kiss his young wife, has been a solemn warning to me.

“ To be sure ! I know something of Hobbs. I think I can tell you just where you can find him. It is about twelve years since I saw him. The Class of ’80—long may its banner wave—had just been dismissed from some recitation in ‘ No. 4 ;’ ‘ Poppy’ Lowell was quoting Latin to a class in his room ; it was a warm day and the window of the Latin room was open ; a number of hats were lying on the window sill. There you have the scene. Enter *dramatis personæ*, consisting of Hobbs as star, supported by several unregenerate and wicked classmates. Hobbs crawls under the window and, reaching up, purloins a hat. He very carefully and laboriously fills it with powdered shale from the roadway, and, giving the tip to his co-conspirators to disappear, he is about to fire the hat and shale through the window upon the heads of the devotees inside. I say he is about to do it ; I did not wait to see him chuck the hat, as I had urgent business in other parts just at that time. You will probably find him

there this morning, just in the act of throwing the hat ; at least I can see him, and I have every reason to think that you can.

“I shall certainly be at the Decennial Reunion on the campus, June 24th, 1890, if I can make satisfactory arrangements with the Sheriff at that time.”

TALCOTT C. VAN SANTVOORD. Van's delightful phraseology is a boon to the editors. Not to publish his report entire would be a distinct loss to classical literature.

“There has ever been an uninterrupted sameness about my domicil. I was ushered into this vale of woe in the house in which I now, and always have lived, excepting when weaned from it by a temporary residence in Schenectady.

“During the past ten years my voyages have been limited to an occasional trip to Brooklyn and Jersey City, and flying jaunts to Canada, Washington, Chicago, Cleveland, and a few other places in the West and South.

“My present occupation is that of paying teller of the Lincoln National Bank in New York city, in which institution I have been a number of years. My only other occupation was a brief experience in the unholy precincts of Wall street, when just out of college.

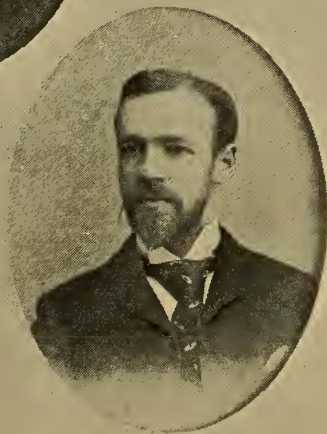
“Glory has not crowned me with its laurel wreaths or strewn honors in my path. A few years ago I had the pleasure to be President of the Gambrinus Quartette, an organization named after the Pierian God of Music, the object of this club being the encouragement and cultivation of part singing, as well as a wholesome regard for those things that afford strength and vibrant tone to the vocal chords as well as joy to the thirsty soul. This association has, alas, sung its swan's song and become an Autumn leaf. Marriage, the wear of the fang of time on the voice, business cares, and dyspepsia have tolled its knell.

“I am of the stern degree of piety that I was ten years ago, and was last year asked to address the Sunday school of the largest Presbyterian church in Cleveland. (Did he accept?—EDS.)

“In politics I am mildly a Democrat, *i. e.*, I am opposed to Tammany Hall statesmanship for revenue only.

“Free trade, high license, and good whiskey in moderation, well diluted, are gaily embroidered in my platform.

CLASS OF '80
UNION



RYAN.

VAN SANTVOORD.

TUTTLE.

VINCENT.

VOSBURGH.

“It is my aim to glide down life’s stream with the least friction possible and the greatest harmony attainable. If I alone paddle the canoe the voyage may be a solitary one, but I do the paddling and I go where I will. Statistics show that ninety per cent. of business ventures are not successes, and if these figures apply to matrimony, no true philosopher, after reaching the age of discretion, will tempt fate. I have contributed my little mite, nuptially speaking, by acting as usher for a number of friends who had grown wearied of bachelor’s freedom, and that has been my nearest approach to a state of dual blessedness.”

Van’s genial presence was sadly missed at the Reunion, where he had promised to appear and respond to his favorite toast, “The Dear Girls.” Being prevented at the last moment, he sent instead, the following, which he declared to be poetry, and demanded that it be read at the banquet. It was read.

THE COLLEGE WIDOW.

“ How dear to my heart is the girl I remember,
 When at Union I met her and loved her so well ;
 How eternal our vows, our caresses how tender,
 When I was a Sophomore, and she was a belle.
 Now I’m hoary and gray, and the years have flown by me,
 And their number is greater than I care to tell ;
 Yet she holds the fort at the bully old college,
 And ropes in my offspring—a callow young swell,
 Who inherits my taste for that siren immortal,
 That maiden perennial—remembered so well.”

Van hangs up his hat at No. 10 West 11th street, New York.

EDGAR L. VINCENT. After a variegated career in the public service and in newspaperdom, Vincent has soberly settled down to literature and farming. He has at various times been editor of the *Olean Times*, *Waverly Advocate*, *Binghamton Republican* and *Hartford Journal*, and in the Pension department of the government occupied positions from a clerkship up to Special Examiner, and as such we left him at Springfield, Ill., in 1885. In 1887, his official head fell into the basket for “offensive partisanship,” but he holds an appointment under the present administration, which authorizes him to prosecute pension claims, and this forms a considerable part of his present employment.

Last year he purchased a fine farm in the outskirts of the village of Maine, Broome Co., where he mingles agriculture with his other employments, with a result of better health than at any time since leaving college. He has still leisure for cultivating his literary tastes, and is a frequent contributor to current literature, mostly in the way of short stories. One of his stories, whose plot was laid in the Bradford oil fields, entitled, "How John Carden Struck Oil," took the \$500 prize offered by the *Chicago Current*. Another popular story, "The Devil's Lane," was printed by a newspaper syndicate, and republished all over the country. Besides the *Current*, Vincent is a frequent contributor to *Once a Week*, *Texas Siftings*, *Little Ones*, and other periodicals. Is a Congregationalist, a "Republican to the back bone," and favors protection, high license, and the Federal election bill. He proclaims a general and cordial invitation to all the boys to stop off at "Vincent Place," and assures them that the Maine where he lives is not the place where prohibition is inculcated or enforced.

MILES W. VOSBURGH. Probably no member of the Class of '80—with possibly a single exception—did more, while he was in College, to make the outside world aware of the presence of the Class, than did the subject of this sketch. The ambition of others might be gratified by winning "ten-spots" in the classroom, or by gathering "Olympic dust" on the Campus, or in the gymnasium; but not so with "Vozzy." With that intuition, which invariably accompanies genius, he perceived that nature had designed him for a full band, and so well did he perform the part which nature had assigned to him, that, from the beginning to the end of his College course, the breezes that blew over College Hill were vocal with the strains from his melodious pipe. From his seat on "The Terrace," he constantly emitted such a variety of sounds, that one unfamiliar with "Vozzy's" many virtues and sterling qualities, might easily have gotten the impression that he was *vox, et praeterea nihil*; but his classmates knew that making a noise was not his only forte, and consequently always expected great things of him. In this they do not seem to have been disappointed, for, like most of the other members of the Class, Vosburgh appears to have made a success of life. He has lived

in Albany ever since his graduation, and, after being a book-keeper for four years, he became associated with his brother as a fire insurance and steamship agent, in which business he still continues. He has found leisure for a trip to Europe, and has also traveled through the Southern States ; but, unfortunately for his contemporaries as well as for posterity, he has written no narrative of his travels. The field of politics he claims to have abandoned to Craig and Muhlfelder, and that of society to Pruyn. That he likes good fellowship, however, is proved by the fact that he is a member of the Holland Society of New York, and of the Fort Orange Club of Albany. His religious and political affiliations are such as would naturally be expected of a person of his conservative antecedents—that is to say, he is a Presbyterian and a Republican, and is in favor of protection and of high license. Although it is a matter of the keenest regret among Vosburgh's friends, that a person so eligible is still a bachelor, it will not surprise them to learn that he pleads modesty as an excuse. The fact that he is sporting a beard of luxuriant growth and fashionable cut, however, has given rise to a suspicion that he has serious designs on the feminine heart, and that interesting developments may be expected before 1900.

Address, Box 218, Albany, N. Y., or 221 Broadway.

EDWARD W. WATKINS. Has spent the years intervening since our last bulletin, and since his leaving college in the pursuit of his usual avocations. Has "studied medicine, architecture and law," but does not indicate upon which his intellect is just now concentrated. Years leave no traces upon face or form, and his finely chiselled features and beatific smile are unobscured by moustache or beard. He is unmarried, but lives a peaceful, calm and untroubled existence, undistracted by the cares and troubles of life which have made many of us gray and bald-headed before our time. Every indication inevitably points to Watkins as the last survivor of the Class of '80. He declares himself to be a "Mugwump," and favors free trade.

Address, Schenectady, N. Y.

OUR REUNION.

*“Of all sad words of tongue or pen,
The saddest are these—The time has been.”*

—DOUGHERTY.

THESE affecting words of '80's inspired poet have for those of us who attended the Decennial Reunion a deep significance. The *time* to which we had looked forward for months in anticipation of its pleasures, the *time* which we enjoyed so much while it lasted, the *time* which extended from Schenectady to Lake George and included Ticonderoga, has been, and only now in retrospect can we live over the blissful days of Eighty's decennial.

On Monday, the twenty-third of June, the boys began to arrive in Schenectady, although Rogers and Sadler showed their beauteous forms in Dorp on the Saturday previous, and it is reported that Rogers was only kept from starting for the Reunion on June 1st, by the lack of capital and the fear that Judge would not board him for so long. As each train came in, the constantly growing crowd of boys watched eagerly for new comers, and in the grasp of hands and cordial greetings gained new inspiration and greater enthusiasm for the occasion. There were present at the whole or during some part of the proceedings, the following members of the Class: Alexander, Anable, Anderson, Ballart, Bishop, Craig, Crane, Davenport, Dougherty, Ely, Gadsden, Godfrey, Ickler, Kemp, Landon, Muhlfelder, Noble, Parry, Ravenel, Ripton, Rogers, Ryan, Sadler, Thompson, Tuttle, Vosburgh and Watkins. Bronk, Ingram, McMaster and Van Santvoord had made every arrangement to be with us, but were detained at the last moment, and sent despatches couched in language of the deepest, and, we may well believe, sincerest regret. Pruyn was away from Albany and could not join us, but also sent fraternal greetings. Ben was so busy clawing over some bottled arachnidæ at the Smithsonian that the Government and his three babies could not spare him. Benjamin was in Europe. Slingerland's arduous duties as pound-master kept him in Augusta,

much to his sorrow and our loss. Gibson was at an Adirondack sanitarium, and could not safely leave, and Sweet was locked up. But the absent were with us in spirit and were not forgotten.

“ Our thoughts are still mingled, wherever we meet,
For those we remember with those that we greet.”

When Alumni day dawned we had of our whole number on the Class list twenty-five who assembled in Power's Memorial Hall for our Class meeting, and for fear that some might miss the place of meeting, there had been placed over the entrance an enormous white banner, bearing the inscription in garnet letters,

'80. UNION. HIKAH !

The President, Robert C. Alexander, called the Class to order with a few felicitous remarks, which were evidently a bid for re-nomination, and when the election of officers for the ensuing decade was called for, the boys, willing to gratify his snide ambition for office, re-nominated and re-elected him as President, but when he found he could have it, he did not want it, and declined the honor. With Aleck out of the race, party feeling ran high, and the wire pulling to escape the nomination was terrific. After most of the Class had declined the position, those who had not had a chance to decline were allowed to fill the offices as follows :

President,	Dr. F. T. Rogers,	Providence, R. I.
Vice-President,	F. P. S. Crane,	Middletown, N. Y.
Secretary,	Prof. B. H. Ripton,	Union College.
Treasurer,	A. H. Dougherty,	Albany, N. Y.
Historian,	R. J. Landon,	Schenectady, N. Y.
Poet,	Maj. Henry T. Thompson,	Darlington, S. C.

The newly elected President then took the chair, and in response to the calls for a speech said, that while he appreciated deeply the honor, and was grateful for the sense of confidence it conferred, he was most pleased because to him fell the honor of voicing the thanks of the Class to the retiring President for all that

he had done to make the Reunion a success. Rogers then, on behalf of the Class, presented to Alexander a gold watch, chain and charm, which he said bore with it the love and best wishes of every member of the Class of '80.

The charm is an exact fac-simile in gold of the charming beast which adorns the College campus, and whose portrait appears in this book, in all its idol beauty. In presenting it the President remarked that it was pure metal, and warranted not to *change color*. This, it was discovered on the following day, was a witticism, weak, but painfully wrought. Alexander was completely taken by surprise, and it was with difficulty that he could express his thanks for the gift, and amidst the general expressions of good will to the recipient, the meeting adjourned.

At ten o'clock the boys attended the Alumni Meeting, which was an unusually large and interesting one, inasmuch as the long eulogies on deceased members were omitted and only the representatives of the Decennial Classes were called on to speak.

When '80's turn came, Rogers was lifted to his feet by a tremendous cheer for '80, and spoke briefly of our triumphs in the world and our illustrious sons. Afterwards, at the Alumni banquet in Memorial Hall, Craig spoke eloquently for Union and '80. In the ball game between the Alumni and the "Varsity" nines, Rogers played second base, covering the Class with glory and himself with dirt, and then '80's share in the general rejoicing was done, and we began to prepare for our own specific jubilee.

The Decennial banquet was to be held at the Edison Hotel, in Schenectady, at 7:30 P. M.. At 5:37, however, Kemp and Bishop were seen hanging about the dining-room door, and the public knew that preparations were begun. Time sped on, stomachs grew faint and dry, but no supper. In response to repeated demands for bread, the distracted landlord replied that the water main had burst and there was no water in the hotel, but why there should have been any great need of water for '80's supper was a mystery. No one was asking for water save Thompy, and his thirst is congenital.

At 9 P. M. it was seriously debated whether the Class had not better adjourn to the Hotel Wiencke and dine upon his regular bill of fare, but Tuttle and Vosburgh had conscientious scruples against the place, and so we waited, and finally the banquet was ready.

The dining-room was tastily decorated, the table sparkled with cut-glass and new silver, the hotel having been opened only three days before, and there on the wall was the ubiquitous

'80. *UNION. HIKAH!*

With Craig as Toastmaster, and the President and ex-President on either side of him, the boys attacked the following

♦ ♦ Menu ♦ ♦

LITTLE NECK CLAMS.

POTAGE.

Purée of Fowl à la Printanier.

HORS D'ŒUVRES.

Olives. Chow Chow.

POISSON.

Filet de Sole au Gratin, Parisienne.

ENTRÉES.

Filet de Bœuf, Sauce Champignons.
Petits Pois Parisienne.

RÔTI.

Turkey, Cranberry Sauce.
Pommes de Terre Hollandaise.

LÉGUMES.

Croquettes de Pommes.

SALADE.

Lobster.

DESSERT.

Plum Pudding.
Vanilla Ice Cream. Nuts. Malaga Raisins.
Oranges. Café.
Cigars.

It is unnecessary to dilate upon the supper, those who enjoyed it can in memory live over its pleasures, those who missed it can kick themselves in sheer desperation that the time will never occur again.

Supper over, Craig, who rivals Chauncey M. Depew as an after-dinner speaker, read the toasts, and with witty stories and happy hits, called for the responses as follows :

♦ ♦ Toasts ♦ ♦

THE CLASS OF '80,	ROGERS
"The assembled souls of all that men hold wise."	
'80 IN THE PULPIT,	Drunk in silence
"Have we no ministers among us? Then let us thank the Lord."	
'80 IN THE FACULTY,	RIPTON
<i>"Ω Σχετλιος Παιδαγωγος, Οἱμοι!</i>	
'80 AT THE BAR,	BISHOP
"The first thing we do, let's kill all the lawyers."	
'80 IN THE SANCTUM,	THOMPSON
"Beneath the rule of men entirely great, The scissors sway the destinies of state."	
OUR WIVES AND BABIES,	LANDON
"All who joy would win Must share it. Happiness was born a twin."	
OUR JOLLY BACHELORS,	KEMP
"Happy am I, from care I'm free, Why aren't they all contented like me?"	
THE DEAR GIRLS,	ANABLE
"Here's to the maiden of bashful fifteen, And here's to the widow of fifty."	
"LOOKING BACKWARD,"	ICKLER
"Often a retrospect delights the mind."	
LOOKING FORWARD,	CRANE
"The best of prophets of the future is the past."	
OUR QUITUATES,	GADSDEN
"Not lost, but gone before."	
"OLD UNION,"	ALEXANDER

Although Phil had kept mighty quiet about it, the boys had ascertained that Crane was arranging to be married on Thursday, two days later, and after his speech, he was again called up to receive from the hands of the chairman, on behalf of the Class, a fine carving set in ivory and silver, in a handsome case, as an expression of the good wishes of the Class for him and his soon-to-be bride. This elicited another speech, brief but full of feeling.

It was well into the morning when, amid general congratulation, good feeling, enthusiasm and ebriety, the crowd broke up with cheers for Union and Eighty.

While the celebration was apparently over, to those who could accept the general invitation which had been extended to the boys present at the Reunion, to spend two weeks at Lake George as the guests of the retiring president, later events proved that the fun had just commenced.

Commencement day dawned as usual bright and fair, and the boys, suiting their own pleasures, passed the morning in various ways, though most of them went to the Commencement exercises, solely to see how Aleck would walk up to the stage and conduct himself as a Trustee, for he had been elected the previous day a permanent Trustee of the University. Fear was expressed that his frequent libations at the supper would interfere with his official dignity.*

At 1:40 P. M. the boys congregated at the depot, where a special car had been procured, and soon, with coats removed, cigars lighted, the banner hanging from the window, and our coming announced at each station by a chorus of sixteen horns, we were speeding on our way to Caldwell.

The ride was pleasant and uneventful, if we except the desperate flirtation which Andy Dougherty got up with a susceptible widow in the next car, and the fact that Andy Anderson got intoxicated at Saratoga on mineral water. At Glens Falls we were reinforced by the genial Jack Parry, and our party was complete.

To those who have visited Lake George it is needless to describe the charms of that beautiful spot. To those who have not, language, modern or profane, fails to adequately portray its beauties. The big banner again came into use in our hour's sail down Lake George from Caldwell to Bolton, being run up to the top of the flag pole of the Ticonderoga, and for that trip we owned the boat.

At 6 P. M. we arrived at Bolton Landing and piled bundle and baggage upon the Livingston B. Morse, a diminutive steamer with a big name, captained by a big Brown man with a bigger fund of good nature, and the biggest kind of a desire to make it pleasant for the boys. Soon we were at the Lake View House, run by R. J. Brown, who came near receiving an election to an

*Alexander carried himself fairly well and no one mistrusted his condition save one of his old girls.—R.

honorary membership of '80. What a rush for supper, what appetites, what a supper! We all enjoyed it to its utmost, save one poor fellow, who, feeling above the common herd, declined to eat with the rest, and demanded his supper of cholera mixture with cramp sauce served to him alone in a private room at the rear of the hotel. Poor Judge! But he got over his pride and other weaknesses in a short time so he could eat with the rest.

On the wall behind the tables where we ate was a large flag, appropriately draped over the inscription, "Union, '80." Three tables were arranged around three sides of a square, and around the outer edge of these we thereafter gathered promptly three times a day.

We landed at Buena Vista, the Alexander cottage, at 7:40 P. M. At 7:41½ P. M. Godfrey and Parry, the photograph fiends, had their cameras in position and began their persecutions. During their entire stay their cry was, "Now, fellows, keep still a minute, will you," or, "Come over under the trees for a group," varied only by the expletives of Rogers, vainly trying to get a picture of Aleck in his shirt, or Honest John in no shirt at all, with a camera which would not work. What pictures were taken, and, alas, what pictures were not taken! Some of the former we reproduce here. Had we them all, no words of the historian could add any thing to the completeness of the account of our stay at Lake George. The memory of that first night at Buena Vista will linger long in our hearts. Gathered upon its ample piazzas, breathing the pure air, listening to the wind blowing through the pines and the Judge's whiskers, revelling in the cool and invigorating breezes and drinking in all the beauties of a moonlight scene on Lake George, we chatted, sang, told stories, smoked, and indulged in reminiscences, while occasionally the toot of a horn, the hoarse cry of Aleck, or the wild rebel yell of Thompy would break the stillness of the night and send the echoes piling down on us from the overhanging mountains. Kemp talked politics. Andy sang a solo and played an accompaniment on an old army bugle. Dougherty related some of his wild Parisian experiences. Ripton tried to show off his learning by discoursing on Metaphysics, and was frequently heard to murmur, "*Dulce est desipere in loco*," which he said was Latin for "'Tis sweet to dissipate in this place." Rav. interspersed

terse remarks about fish culture and "nigger rule," while Godfrey and Anable drew lots for the first chance at Godfrey's office the next morning. Inside, in the big living room of the cottage, others were disporting themselves with sundry hearts and spades, and pasteboard counters of variegated colors, while in the corner under a lamp was a single, crouching, puffing figure, revelling in the pages of "Kreutzer Sonata." Finally, Thompy told a story about a peculiar kind of flute they have in South Carolina, and that broke up the party and we prepared for bed.

There was great anxiety as to who should sleep with Dougherty, his Parisian tales having made most of us rather timid, but after he had been securely tied in a bed-cord and had been given a dose of chloral, combined with opium and henbane, Ickler consented to bunk with him. Godfrey wanted to sleep with Anderson so he could get a picture of him by moonlight as the sleeping beauty. Rip and Thompy, the two weaklings, were placed together, while Rav. and Gadsden linked fortunes as in the South Section of old. Parry finally consented to sleep with Bishop, and the rest of the gang disposed themselves according to their several preferences. Rogers, as the medical man, was allowed as a reward for his services to sleep with the belle of the occasion, and turned in with the Judge at 11:30 P. M. At 11:31 he had, by actual count, seven hundred and four bedfellows, all thirsting for R. I. blood, and by morning they had it. The next night, however, a mosquito net mitigated the letting of bad blood.

It is unnecessary to picture each day of our stay at Buena Vista; indelibly fixed are the memories of those happy days. Each day brought new pleasures, recalled new, yet old memories of college days, each day the bonds of friendship and fraternity among the sons of '80 grew stronger, and with each day grew the conviction that the associations thus revived should never be allowed to fall into innocuous desuetude.

Time sped on, Kemp and Anable were obliged to leave, Kemp, because the town of Delhi would not allow him to be longer outside its limits without increasing his bond, he having, as Supervisor, \$1.30 of town funds with him, and Anable had a girl whom he could not leave alone over the glorious Fourth. Muhlfelder and Crane, however, came to fill their places, and cowering under Dave's mighty wing, came back Dougherty, who

had been seduced into going back to Albany for twenty-four hours, and who did not reappear for five days, dreading the dire punishment he knew he so richly deserved and would certainly get. That night a solemn conclave was held, and after a fair and impartial trial, although the prisoner was not allowed to speak in his own behalf, and no one else would, he was convicted and condemned to be electroslipped.

Rogers represented the awful chair of electrocution and firmly held the trembling Andy, and while Dave and Aleck, who were the dynamos, were registering one 1700 and the other 1737 volts, the negative pole was applied to Andy's gluteus maximus, and the positive pole was vested in a slipper in Rogers' right hand. At 11:23½ P. M. the signal was given by Warden Ickler, and the switch was turned. There was a crash, a wild yell and all was over. Animation—plenty of it—was, however, subsequently restored to the body of the victim.

The tennis-court had been laid out by the engineers of the party, and those who enjoyed that game passed many pleasant hours in play. Rav., Dick and the Doctor were the most regular wielders of the racquet, but before a week was out, the slow and ponderous Judge was wildly hitting the balls to the agile Dave, while Aleck himself would occasionally hit a ball with one of his yells and send it into the lake.

Mention must be made of the latest grand victory of '80 over '79. White and Van Dusen, '79, were our guests for two days, and were presumptuous enough to think they could play tennis. Rogers and Rav. consented to play against them. It is unnecessary to record the score, but for sake of future generations it may be noted that it was in '80's favor by a score of 12 to 1 in two games. This, too, in spite of the encouraging comments and sympathetic applause which Van and Pif received from the unprejudiced onlookers. As a special favor, Rogers and Muhlfelder gave the dejected '79ers a chance to retrieve their shattered fortunes at whist, and beat them only seven straight games, and in the tournament of fifteen games won ten.

Among our guests, foremost in the affections of the boys was Mrs. Crane, who with Phil, spent several days at the hotel, modestly bearing her new honors, but unabashed at meeting so many new brothers-in-law. If she enjoyed that portion of her

bridal trip as much as the good wishes of the boys entitled her to, she was indeed fortunate.

President Webster, Dr. Alexander and Prof. Perkins were also our guests for several days, and laying aside all their dignity, they entered into the fun with right good will, and Perk even consented to have his picture taken in swimming costume. Long live Perk ! May his mammæ never grow less !

Some of the boys went fishing. Gadsden caught a shiner that weighed nearly an ounce, and Judge, after persistently rowing all day in the rain, caught a six-pound "trout," which was worth just fifty dollars, or would have been if some one had reported him as having violated the game laws of the State, in catching a black bass in July, but most of the boys were too lazy to fish, and the finny tribe escaped destruction.

To lie in the hammock and wait for meal time was as vigorous exercise as Ripton and Anable could be persuaded to take. It was the latter, whose poetic mind once evolved this impromptu :

"That all-softening, overpowering knell,
The tocsin of the soul—the dinner bell."

The first Sunday Thompy and Rip. were by lot selected to represent us at church, and with much difficulty they were started off in resplendent Sunday clothes. Thompy gained an enviable reputation for piety by the vigorous way he shouted the responses, but spoiled it by remarking in an audible aside that the Te Deum sang by the choir was more te-dious than te-deum. Competent judges have considered this the brightest saying ever heard at Lake George, but they evidently had never heard his bologna sausage story, which undoubtedly took the cake. It is said that these two worthies got even with their consciences by depositing their poker winnings of the night previous in the contribution box.

The last Sunday in camp, we climbed one of the neighboring mountains for the view it afforded from its top. We started out a dozen strong, but after ascending seventeen feet and four inches, as estimated by Andy's barometer, Dave sat down on a log and declared himself perfectly enchanted with the view, and declined to go further. The rest, after a hard thirty minutes climb, reached the top. More than repaid were they by the view spread before

them. To the south were Glens Falls and Caldwell ; while Ickler vowed he could see Albany. On our left the range of mountains overlooking the lake, terminated in Tongue Mountain, separating the Lake at the Narrows from the great Northwest bay, while, farther on, and across the lake, the towering Black Mountain overtopped them all. Beneath us, nestling in its mountainous embrace, lay the crystal lake, its dancing blue waters dotted here and there with tree-grown islands and fleeting sails, extending to the Narrows, where it was lost in the rugged outlines of the enclosing ranges. The Sagamore, with its beautiful grounds and surroundings, lay before us, and beyond it the rounded shore line of Northwest bay looked like an emerald frame to all the loveliness of the picture.

The beauties of the scene, related to Dave on our return, failed to arouse him to enthusiasm, but when we described the foaming beer found on our way back, and described its cooling effects, he fairly wept with sorrow that he had not stuck with the crowd.

Boats at the cottage were plenty, and those who could row enjoyed, three times a day, a ride across Concordia Bay to the hotel for meals, while occasionally the whole fleet came into requisition, and longer trips were taken. Andy and Aleck one day went swimming and rowing at the same time with brilliant success, while Rogers thought he could sail a canoe, and was rescued from a watery grave by Honest John, who was providentially near by. Parry rowed four miles, to sail back with an extended umbrella, and Thompy slid into a boat every chance he could get when some one else had the oars, and there was no likelihood of his being called on to row.

Musicians, if we except Judge and Dave, we had none, but nevertheless, we did have some excellent singing, and whatever was lacking in quality was more than made up in quantity and vigor. The boys serenaded Crane and his wife one night at the hotel, and it was only the fear that possibly they sang under the wrong window that prevented the serenade being a pronounced success.

Fourth-of-July was passed in great style. Embarking on a steam yacht, and running the '80 flag to the mainmast, we sailed with song and jest to Baldwin, 15 miles down the Lake, expecting to meet there a Tally-ho coach to convey us to Fort Ticonderoga.

Instead of a Tally-ho we found a beer saloon and one pugnacious inebriate who "had more money than the whole crowd, by gosh," and who was looking for the man who struck him. When Dave's muscular form was pointed out to him as his assailant, and he had felt his enormous biceps, Billy Patterson wilted and fled. Anderson and Gadsden started to walk to Ti. village on the railroad track, but being out of practice in counting ties, they soon came back, and the question of going back to Rogers' Rock for dinner was debated with warm adherents on both sides. Some wanted to go one way, some another. Ickler wanted to see the Fort. The Professor was hungry, and besides had missed his usual morning exercise, and voted for dinner. Finally a vote was taken, but owing to the imperfect action of the returning board, the meeting adjourned in disorder and the gang started for Ticonderoga. Rogers and Landon went after the coach and returned for Ripton, who had eaten so much at a neighboring farm house that he was unable to walk. After dinner we all piled on the coach, and to the musical notes of a fish horn we left the town. It was a delightful ride, a beautiful country, excellent roads, good horses, a historically interesting spot, and a gay crowd that made the day a memorable one even among the host of good times we experienced. Bishop so far forgot himself as to flirt with an elderly female while at the Burleigh House, and both Gadsden and Rip. enjoyed the society of the fair damsels of Ti. village, passing themselves off as single men.

That night Anderson and Rogers took charge of the fireworks, and on Landlord Brown's catamaran, anchored out in Huddle Bay, gave an exhibition of pyrotechnics that rivalled Pain's greatest effort in its beauty and extravagance.

Anderson tried the heretofore unparalleled feat of setting off a rocket, holding two sticks of red fire in each hand and shooting roman candles at Captain Brown, and succeeded in doing all, besides setting fire to the boat. After such heroic efforts, and after receiving so many burns, it was shameful that the two men in charge should have received so much abuse on their return to the cottage.

But alas! the best of friends must part, and the bulliest of times must come to an end, and only too soon was it necessary to say good-bye to the departing sons of '80. Monday, July 7th,

the majority left on the morning boat, Bishop with a suspiciously red nose, Rav. with his glasses upside down, Gadsden in tears, Thompy with his "boots full of blood," and sixty-three cents in his pants pocket, which he won by getting sleepy at an opportune moment the night before. Only Aleck, Judge, Dave and Rogers were left behind. Next day they too had departed, and the great Decennial Reunion of the Class of '80 was over.

But the memory of it? Oh, no! Nor will the Lake dwellers, nor the rural residents along the line of the D. & H. soon forget the Decennial Reunion of the Class of '80. Our fame has gone through all the region round about. Visitors on their disembarkation at Bolton Landing now first of all inquire "where it was those college boys put up," and Brown, of Lake View, has grown wealthy and fat off the profits our prestige brought to his hotel. Out in the music hall, our '80 banners are still hung on the inner wall, and great curiosity has been manifested at the numerous hops given in the building, to know the significance of the word "*Hikah*," and to hear again the story of the doings and sayings of '80, while the pretty waiters, all but the sprightly little Bessie, whose heart the Major and the Doctor completely shivered, never weary of dwelling upon our wisdom, wit, virtue, pulchritude and sobriety.

Yes, the Reunion is over, but ever and anon the cottagers on the shores of the beautiful lake still hear ringing down the mountain sides, and in and out of Concordia Bay, that wierd and far-reaching cry so often and so vociferously repeated during our stay, that its echoes have not yet ceased to reverberate:—

"Rah, Rah, Rah! U-N-I-O-N! Hikah! Hikah! Hikah!
Eight-y! Ω Σχετλιος Παιδαγωγος, Οἱμοι!"

THE DECENNIAL SONG.

BY A. H. DOUGHERTY.

We're coming o'er the mountains, o'er the rivers and the plain,
 From Atlantic's stormy border, from Pacific's golden main,
 From lands of palms and roses, loyalty to proclaim,
 To Union and our Class.

Chorus.

Union, Union, let the chorus ring,
 Eighty, Eighty, let us long and loudly sing,
 Honor, fame and laurels may we proudly bring,
 To Union and our Class.

Our hearts are firm, united and our sympathies are one,
 Our bonds of love and friendship have only just begun ;
 We'll stand by one another till great victories are won,
 For Union and our Class.

Chorus.

To help each noble brother, to stand by truth and right,
 To fill our highest missions, our honor now we plight,
 Our noble cause defending with courage, power and might,
 For Union and our Class.

Chorus.

JUBILATE.

1880—1890.

Happy are we to-night, boys,
 Happy, happy are we,
 Old friendships anew we plight, boys,
 To-night we're joyous and free.
 Loud and long we'll swell the song,
 Let joy and laughter reign,
 What though Old Time tells off the years,
 We're college boys again.

Chorus.

Merry are we to-night, boys,
 Merry, merry are we,
 For care rests on us light, boys,
 As the foam on yonder sea.

Joyous the song we sing, boys,
 Merry, merry the song ;
 For " Union and Eighty " shall ring, boys,
 And Echo our shouts prolong.
 Out in the world we have our tasks,
 And soon to them return,
 But here are we with hearts as free
 As if college boys once more.

Chorus.

Union and Eighty for aye, boys,
 Eighty and Union for aye,
 Long may their garnet banners,
 Wave to the winds on high.
 Long may our Alma Mater gray
 Emit her generous light ;
 And long may Eighty hold the sway
 Which she holds in our hearts to-night.

Chorus.

Shout for the Class we love, boys,
 Cheer for the Class we love ;
 Eighty, the great unconquered,
 Her fame all the world above.

Many an hour has been sad, boys,
 Many, many an hour ;
 But now our hearts are glad, boys,
 And sadness has no power ;
 To-night our souls together blend,
 Together blend and flow,
 As rain drops from the skies unite,
 And into rivers grow.

Chorus.

Never, where'er we rove, boys,
 Where'er our lot is cast.
 Shall memory cease to love, boys,
 To linger round the past.
 Years may pass and bring us pain,
 And Time may make us sad ;
 But we to-night may joyful sing,
 For all our hearts are glad.

Chorus.

Then join in the chorus to-night, boys,
 With might the music swell,
 For care rests on us light, boys,
 As mists in the Summer dell.
 The golden memories of this day
 Shall twine a lasting bond,
 Which Eighty's boys of Union's sons
 Forever shall surround.

Chorus.

Then merrily sing to-night, boys,
 Happy, happy are we ;
 True friendship once more plight, boys,
 To-night our hearts are free.

STATISTICAL.

MARRIAGES.

ALEXANDER,	Annie Clare,	Schenectady, N. Y.	Aug. 21, 1884
ANDERSON,	Elizabeth G. Hollister,	Scranton, Pa.,	Sept. 16, 1885
BENEDICT,	Elizabeth M. Junken,	Washington, D. C.,	Nov. 22, 1883
BENJAMIN,	Anne Engel Rogers,	New York,	Nov. 17, 1886
BRONK,	Louisa Powell Benedict,	New York,	May 8, 1884
BURNETT,	Annie H. Cummings,	Virginia City, Nev.,	Oct. 28, 1886
CAMPBELL,	Leila B. McClelland,	Louisville, Ky.,	Jan. 29, 1885
CRANE,	*Louisa H. Rosa,	Schenectady, N. Y.,	Jan. 2, 1883
	Nellie Pronk,	Middletown, N. Y.,	June 26, 1890
DAVENPORT,	Susie E. Lee,	Glenville, N. Y.,	Mar. 13, 1878
DIXON,	Jessie White,	Cohoes, N. Y.,	June 25, 1885
ELY,	Clara C. Duff,	New York,	Oct. 2, 1883
FITZGERALD,	Grace Van Vranken,	Schenectady, N. Y.,	Sept. 20, 1888
GADSDEN,	Lella P. Pendleton,	Lexington, Va.,	Feb. 12, 1885
GIBSON,	Mary Stewart,	Philadelphia, Pa.,	June 16, 1887
GODFREY,	Elma Beach,	Bridgeport, Conn.,	Jan. 27, 1881
ICKLER,	Ida E. Stowell,	Peoria, Ill.,	Aug. 5, 1890
LANDON,	Mary T. Gilmour,	Schenectady, N. Y.,	Nov. 12, 1885
LANDRETH,	Amelia T. Fitzgerald,	Schenectady, N. Y.,	May 7, 1881
LEGGE,	Elizabeth Judd Hutchinson,	Summerville, S. C.,	Aug. 2, 1888
†LOWELL,	Kate B. Myers,	Chicago, Ill.,	Sept. 2, 1886
MCNULTY,	May Sprengle,	Ashland, Ohio,	Nov. 27, 1884
NOBLE,	Marguerite Salisbury,	Nelliston, N. Y.,	Sept. 12, 1888
PARRY,	Nathalie B. Groesbeck,	Sandy Hill, N. Y.,	Apl. 28, 1886
RAVENEL,	Elizabeth S. Fitzsimons,	Charleston, S. C.,	Feb. 14, 1883
RIPTON,	Francena Nare,	Johnstown, N. Y.,	June 2, 1880
ROGERS,	Carrie E. Gavitt,	Westerly, R. I.,	Nov. 15, 1882
SADLER,	Alice A. Beaumont,	Schenectady, N. Y.,	Oct. 25, 1882
SLINGERLAND,	Jennie M. Reynolds,	Augusta, Ill.,	Jan. 13, 1885
THOMPSON,	Fanny C. McIver,	Darlington, S. C.,	Feb. 1, 1883
VINCENT,	Jennie S. Fuller,	Binghamton, N. Y.,	Dec. 30, 1880

*Died September 29, 1885.

†Died March 17, 1887.

BIRTHS.

1880. June 18. Bessie E. Davenport, died January 25, 1882.
 1881. May 20. Maud Ripton.
 1881. Dec. 30. Edward Fuller Vincent.
 1882. Dec. 19. Edwin Alexander Godfrey, died April 25, 1886.
 1883. July 8. Adeline Sara Landreth.
 1883. Oct. 12. Robert Landon Rogers.
 1883. Dec. 10. Julia Fitzsimons Ravenel.
 1884. Feb. 19. Fannie Edith Vincent, died February 12, 1885.
 1884. May 20. Edith May Crane.
 1884. Oct. 22. Sheila Beaumont Sadler, died November 9, 1884.
 1885. Feb. 4. James Junken Benedict.
 1885. Feb. 6. Samuel Du Bose Ravenel, died 1885.
 1885. Feb. 15. Selden Rogers Ely.
 1885. Nov. 11. Viola Hortense Campbell.
 1885. Dec. 29. Henry Tazewell Thompson, died March 17, 1886.
 1886. April 11. Elinor Porcher Gadsden.
 1886. April 11. Anzolette Pendleton Gadsden.
 1886. April 12. Earl White Dixon.
 1886. July 7. Gaillard Fitzsimons Ravenel.
 1886. Oct. 4. Ruth Alexander, died July 23, 1890.
 1886. Nov. 14. Mary Landreth.
 1887. April 3. John Elliot Parry, Jr.
 1887. April 4. Fanny McIver Thompson.
 1887. April 21. Eli S. Godfrey, Jr.
 1887. April 28. Fred. Alexander Rogers.
 1887. May 11. Cora Ely, died August 7, 1887.
 1887. July 15. Robert T. S. Lowell, 3d.
 1887. Sept. 24. Charles W. Benedict.
 1888. Jan. 8. Carl E. Anderson.
 1888. Jan. 30. Judson Stuart Landon.
 1888. Feb. 4. Ellen DuBose Ravenel.
 1888. Feb. 15. Helen Beaumont Sadler.
 1888. Mar. 22. William Stewart Gibson.
 1889. Jan. 5. Beatrice May Benjamin.
 1889. April 22. Nathaniel Groesbeck Parry.
 1889. July 18. Phyllis Cleveland Burnett.
 1889. Aug. 16. Eliza C. Thompson.
 1889. Sept. 24. Harry Lee Davenport.
 1889. Nov. 26. Elizabeth Jennie Benedict.
 1889. Dec. 11. Lionel Kennedy Legge.
 1890. May 21. James E. Noble, 2d.

OCCUPATIONS.

LAW.—Alexander, Bishop, Bronk, Burnett, Halpen, Ingram, Kemp, Landon, McMaster, Muhlfelder, Pruyn, Thompson.

—12.

BUSINESS.—Anable, Ballart, Benjamin, Crane, Davenport, Ely, Godfrey, Ickler, Noble, Ryan, Vosburgh.—11.

ENGINEERING.—Anderson, Fitzgerald, Glover, Landreth, McNulty, Sadler.—6.

MEDICINE.—Craig, Gibson, W. P. Porcher, Rogers.—4.

TEACHING.—Dixon, Legge, Ripton, Tuttle.—4.

GOVERNMENT SERVICE.—Benedict, Gadsden, Ravenel, Vincent.

—4.

FARMING OR PLANTING.—I. C. Porcher, Slingerland, Vincent.—3.

BANKING.—Lawrence, Parry, Van Santvoord.—3.

RAILROADS.—Campbell, *Lowell, McCorkle.—3.

EDITORIAL.—Ingram, Thompson.—2.

ART.—Dougherty.—1.

ARCHITECTURE, MEDICINE AND LAW.—Watkins.—1.

*Deceased.

HYMENEAL.

Married,	30
Bachelors,	21
Engaged,	1

CHILDREN.

Total number,	41
Boys,	21
Girls,	20
Total number living,	33
Boys,	18
Girls,	15

GEOGRAPHICAL.

STATES REPRESENTED.—New York, 29. South Carolina, 5. Pennsylvania, 3. District of Columbia, 3. Massachusetts, 1. California, 1. Arkansas, 1. Wisconsin, 1. Minnesota, 1. Colorado, 1. Alabama, 1. Missouri, 1. Rhode Island, 1. Illinois, 1. Ohio, 1. Paris, France, 1. Total States represented, 16.

RELIGIOUS PREFERENCES.

Episcopalian,	13
Presbyterian,	9
Methodist,	2
Congregational,	2
Reformed Church,	2
Catholic,	2
United Presbyterian,	1
Baptist,	1
Seventh Day Baptist,	1
Home Baptist,	1
No Expression,	16

POLITICAL PREFERENCES.

Republican,	29
Democrat,	13
Prohibitionist,	2
Greenbacker,	1
Mugwump,	1
No Expression,	6

THE TARIFF.

Protectionist,	18
For Revenue only,	6
Free Traders,	4
Straddlers,	3
No Expression,	22

TEMPERANCE.

High License,	21
Prohibition,	2
Free Whiskey,	4
No Expression,	25

THE LATEST ADDRESSES.

(Please send immediate notice of any changes in the following to PROF. B. H. RIPTON, Secretary, Union College, Schenectady, N. Y.)

Robert C. Alexander, 23 Park Row, New York.
 Richard D. Anable, care of Goodhue & Birnie, Springfield, Mass.
 Wilber E. Anderson, Providence Place, Scranton, Pa.
 Frederick A. Ballart, 107 Tully St., Syracuse, N. Y.
 James E. Benedict, Smithsonian Institution, Washington, D. C.
 William E. Benjamin, 500 Madison Ave., New York.
 Charles F. Bishop, 111 Broadway, New York.
 William Rea Bronk, 2 Wall Street, New York.
 Isaac G. Burnett, Lawyers Block, San Diego, Cal.
 Horace J. Campbell, Pres't Stuttgart & Ark. River R. R., Stuttgart, Ark.
 Dr. Joseph D. Craig, 12 Ten Broeck St., Albany, N. Y.
 Frank P. S. Crane, Middletown, N. Y.
 Frank S. Davenport, Nat. Exp. Co., Mechanicsville, N. Y.
 Professor George E. Dixon, Cohoes, N. Y.
 Andrew H. Dougherty, 59 North Pearl St., Albany, N. Y.
 Frank S. Ely, 163 East 122d St., New York.
 John L. Fitzgerald, Schenectady, N. Y.
 E. Miles Gadsden, P. O. Dept., Washington, D. C.
 Dr. William J. Gibson, 711 S. 19th St., Philadelphia, Pa.
 David F. Glover, Bayfield, Wis.
 Eli S. Godfrey, 116 Front St., Brooklyn, N. Y.
 Daniel P. Halpen, 103 Madison Ave., Albany, N. Y.
 John Ickler, 147 Dakota Ave., St. Paul, Minn.
 William H. Ingram, Sumter, S. C.
 John A. Kemp, Delhi, N. Y.
 Robert J. Landon, Schenectady, N. Y.
 William B. Landreth, Schenectady, N. Y.
 James S. Lawrence, Gunnison, Colorado.
 Professor Claude L. Legge, 11 President St., Charleston, S. C.
 Wm. T. McCorkle, East Tenn., Va. & Ga. R'y Co., Knoxville, Tenn.
 James M. McMaster, Jackson Block, Birmingham, Ala.
 Wm. J. McNulty, Street Dept., City Hall, St. Louis, Mo.
 David Muhlfelder, Room 46, Bensen Building, Albany, N. Y.
 Edward B. Noble, 74 Division St., Albany, N. Y.
 John E. Parry, Glens Falls Nat'l Bank, Glens Falls, N. Y.
 Isaac de C. Porcher, Ophir, Berkeley Co., S. C.
 Dr. Walter P. Porcher, 4 George St., Charleston, S. C.
 Col. John V. L. Pruyn, 13 Elk St., Albany, N. Y.
 Wm. de C. Ravenel, U. S. Fish Commission, Washington, D. C.
 Professor Benjamin H. Ripton, Union College, Schenectady, N. Y.
 Dr. Fred. T. Rogers, 538 Broad St., Providence, R. I.
 Lieut. Philip J. Ryan, The Alpine, 33d St. and Broadway, New York.
 Wm. H. Sadler, 2067 N. Main Ave., Scranton, Pa.
 George H. Slingerland, Augusta, Ill.
 Wright J. Sweet, Cleveland, O., Asylum for the Insane.
 Maj. Henry T. Thompson, Darlington, S. C.
 Professor L. Grove Tuttle, Troy Business College, Troy, N. Y.
 Charles H. Van Auken, Cohoes, N. Y.
 Talcott C. Van Santvoord, 10 West 11th St., New York.
 Edgar L. Vincent, Maine, Broome Co., N. Y.
 Miles W. Vosburgh, 721 Broadway, Albany, N. Y.
 Edward W. Watkins, Schenectady, N. Y.

OFFICERS.

1890—1900.

President,	DR. FRED. T. ROGERS.
Vice-President,	FRANK P. S. CRANE.
Secretary,	PROF. BENJAMIN H. RIPTON.
Treasurer,	ANDREW H. DOUGHERTY.
Poet,	MAJ. HENRY T. THOMPSON.
Historian,	ROBERT J. LANDON.

FORMER PRESIDENTS.

WILLIAM BRONK,	1876-7.
WILLIAM H. INGRAM,	1877-8.
DAVID MUHLFELDER,	1878-9.
ROBERT C. ALEXANDER,	1879-1890.

TRIENNIAL BULLETIN COMMITTEE.

R. C. ALEXANDER. JOHN ICKLER. C. F. BISHOP.

QUINQUENNIAL BULLETIN COMMITTEE.

R. C. ALEXANDER.

DECENNIAL BULLETIN COMMITTEE.

FRED. T. ROGERS. C. F. BISHOP. R. C. ALEXANDER.

NOTE.

To those of the Class who were in camp on Lake George, the photographs which follow need no comment. To the rest a few marginal notes may be helpful. These are selected from among fifty or more negatives taken by Parry and Godfrey, the four first being after Jack, the four others after Godfrey. Five of the boys who were at the Lake, Anable, Kemp, Muhlfelder, Crane and Dougherty, do not appear in any of the groups. Godfrey unintentionally broke the only negative which had Kemp and Anable on it, and the other three were absent when the photographers put in their best work.

The pictures, in their order, represent :

1. The cottage where we camped, with a dozen of the fellows in front, and the banner of '80 just visible above them. From the flag-pole in the background floated another descriptive banner.

2. The view, looking down the lake from the front piazza. Leontine Island is seen in the foreground, a half mile distant, beyond it the lake as it contracts at the Narrows, and nearly over it, Black Mountain. On Green Island, in the centre of the picture, is the Sagamore Hotel, two miles distant. Above it is seen the Tongue Mountain range, and behind it lies the Northwest, or Ganouskie Bay. At the left is the point on which stands the Mohican House, and nearer by Sweetbriar Island. The Lake View House is on a point just to the left of this Island, not shown in the picture.

3. A random piazza group, representing, reading from the left, Alexander, Ravenel, Rogers, Anderson, Pendleton (a visitor, Brown University, '85), Thompson, Ripton, and Godfrey.

4. A tennis court scene, with the cottage in the background. It shows (from the left) Anderson, Godfrey, Alexander, Rogers, Ravenel, Thompy, and Gadsden, the umpire.

5. Represents the boat-house, with Rogers playing a gamey "pumpkin seed" from the dock, and Ickler just starting out for the beer saloon.

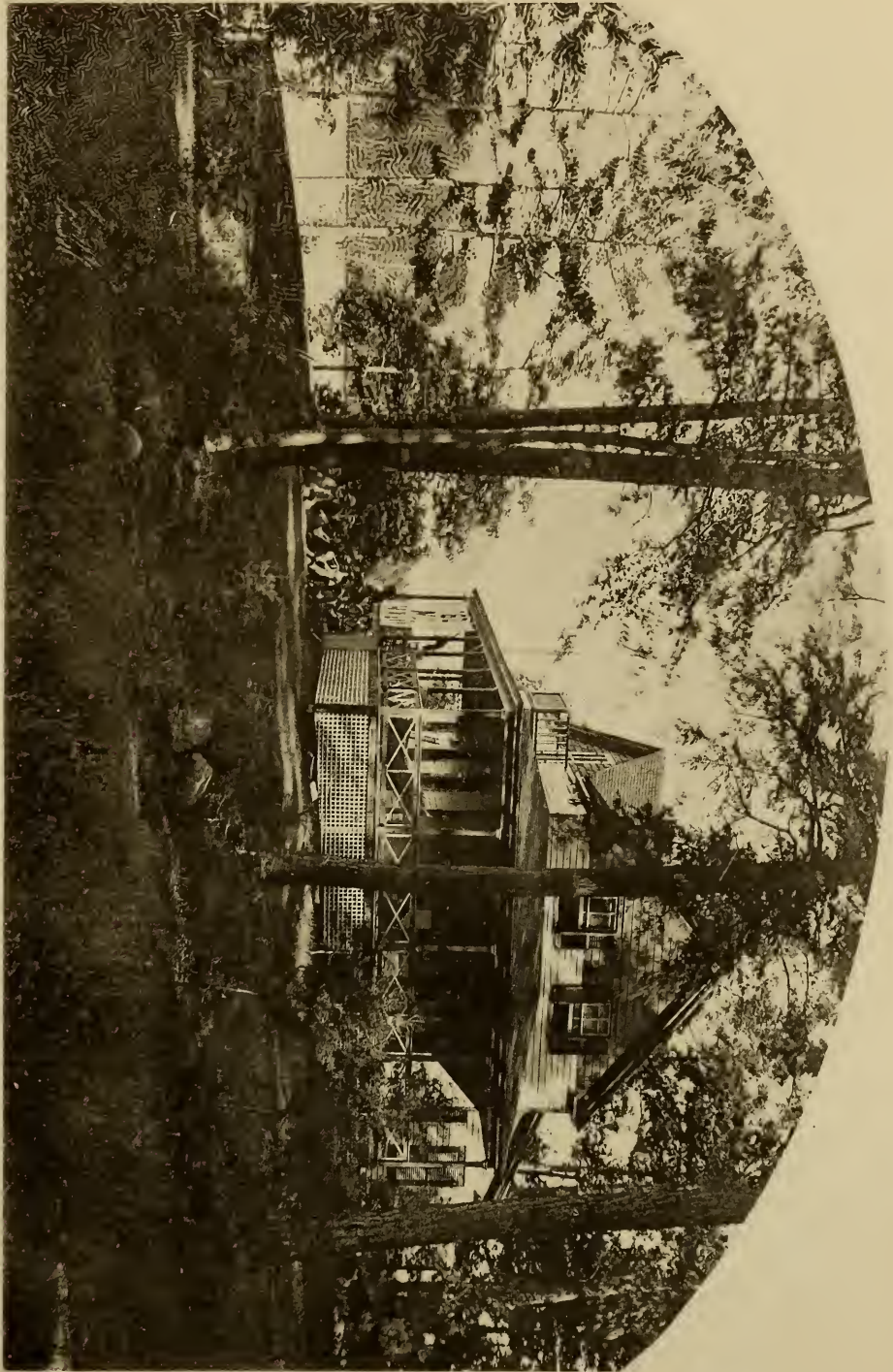
6. A group on the tennis court. They are (from the left) Ickler, Alexander, Godfrey, Landon, Ravenel, Rogers, Thompson, Parry, Bishop, Ripton, Anderson and Gadsden.

7. Another piazza group. In the lower tier, Gadsden, Anderson and Rogers; on the next, Ravenel, and two Alexanders; on the next, Profs. Ripton and Perkins, Landon and Bishop, and at the top of the heap, Major Thompson and President Webster.

8. Four of the Faculty, Perk. with his pipe, Rip. with his horn, Prex. in his shirt sleeves, and Prof. Alec. paddling a canoe under the bank. In the background is Tongue Mountain, the Sagamore and Leontine Island.

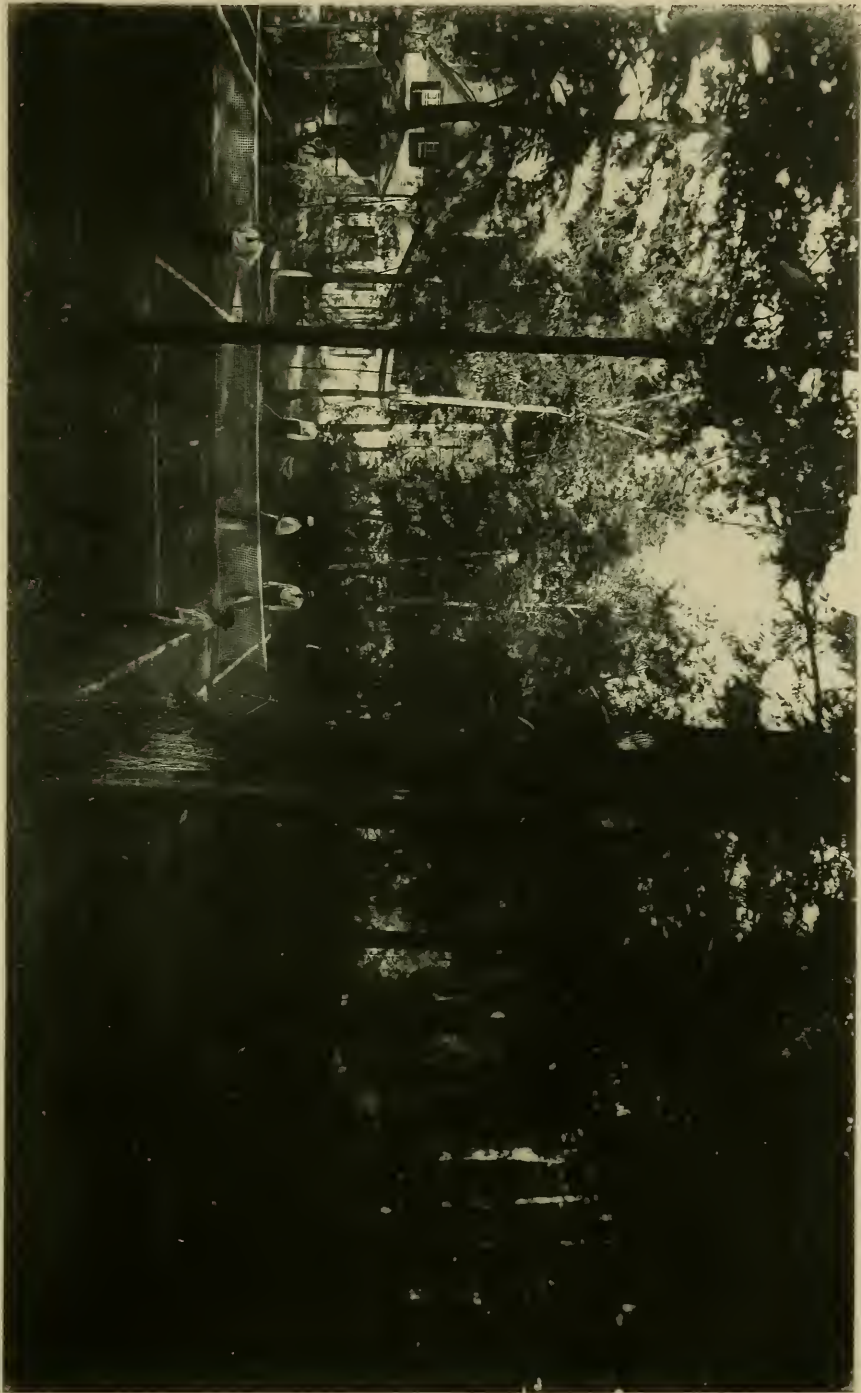
THE LAST WORD.

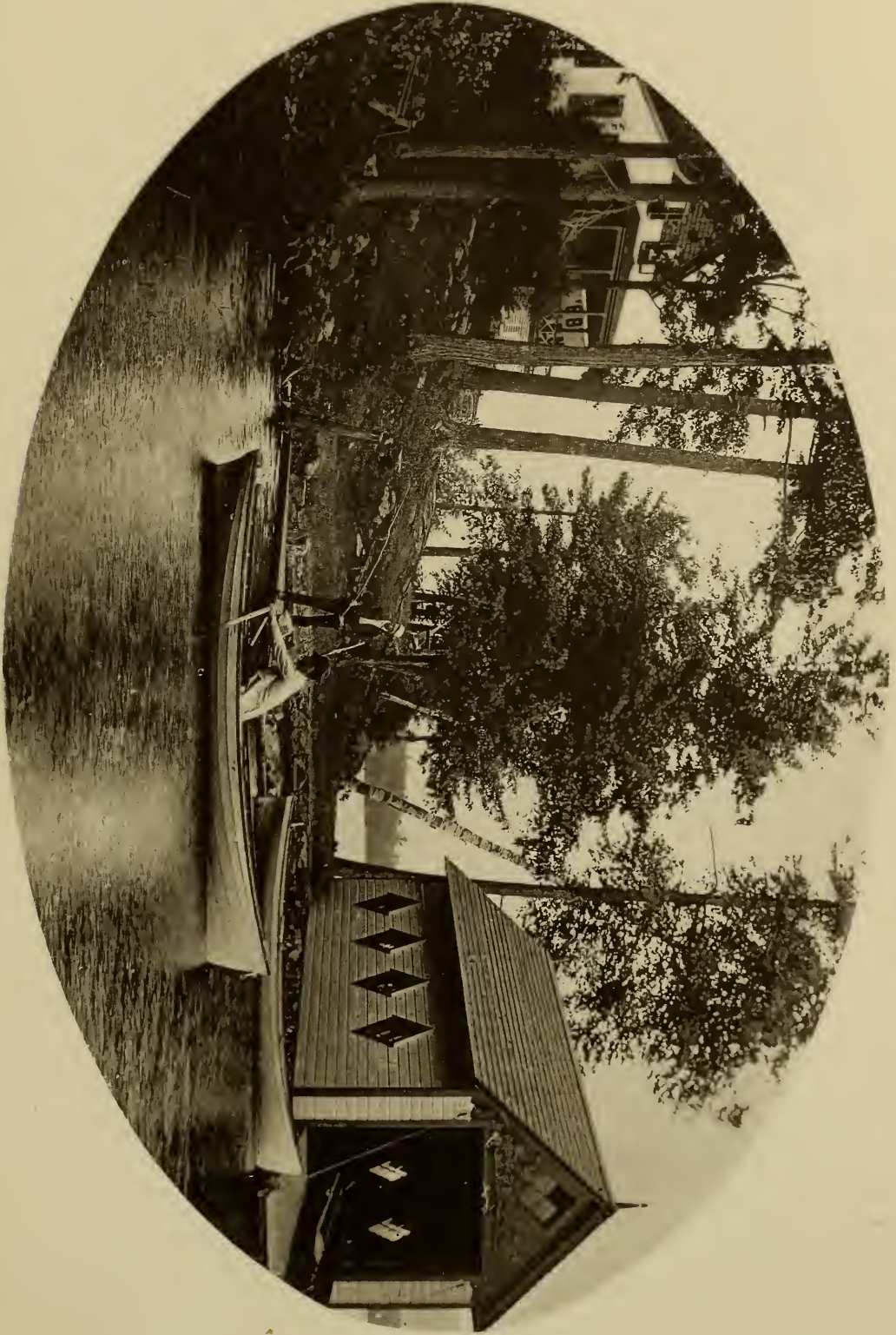
The Secretary earnestly requests that the members of the Class keep him fully and promptly posted, not only of any changes of address, but of any business, professional or domestic changes, sending him letters, announcements, newspaper notices, publications, or any thing affecting the interests of any of the Class. Only thus can our present excellent degree of organization be maintained. Address: B. H. RIPTON, Union College, Schenectady, N. Y. Additional copies of this Record may be obtained of the Committee at \$2.50 each.

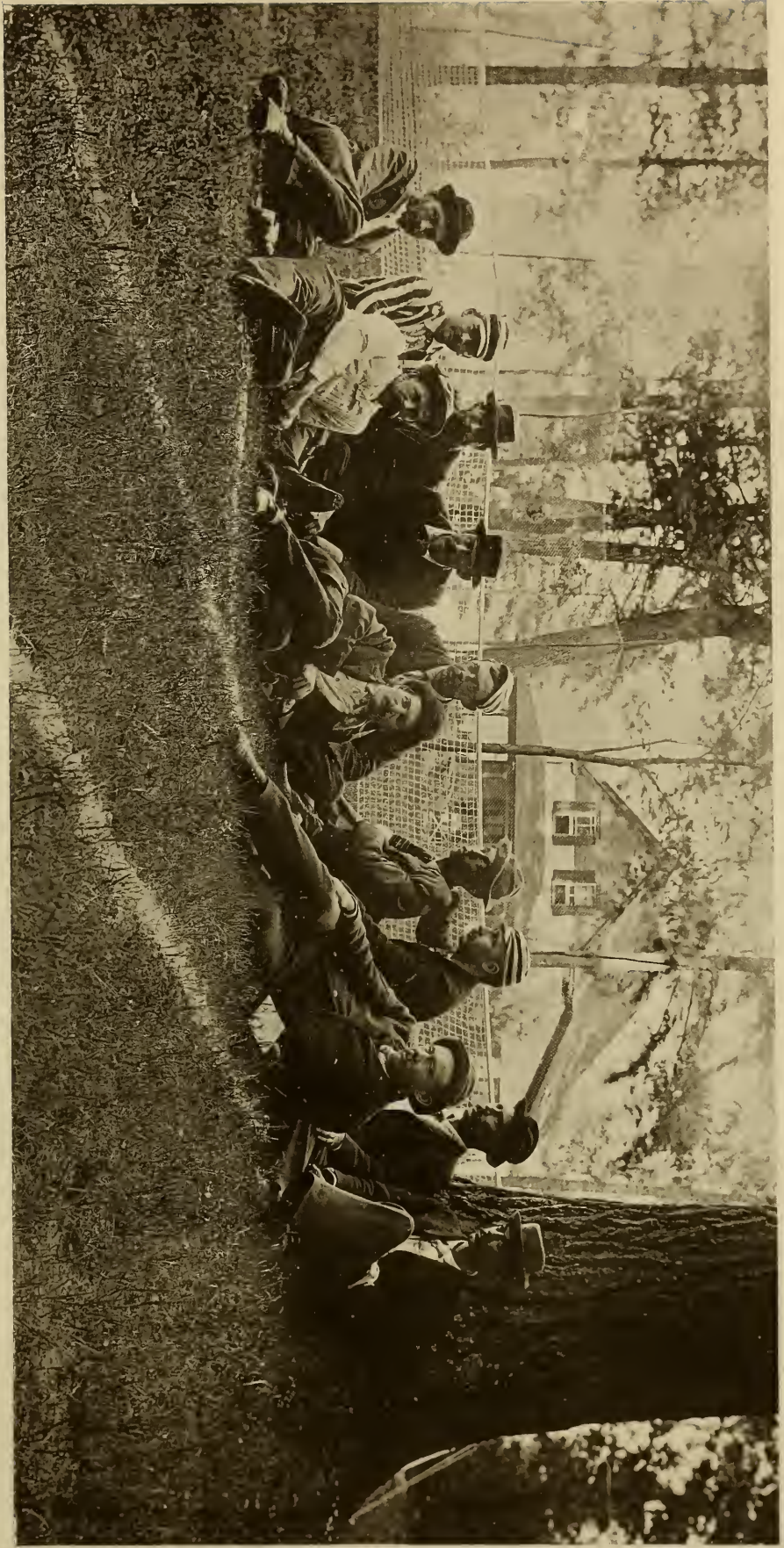






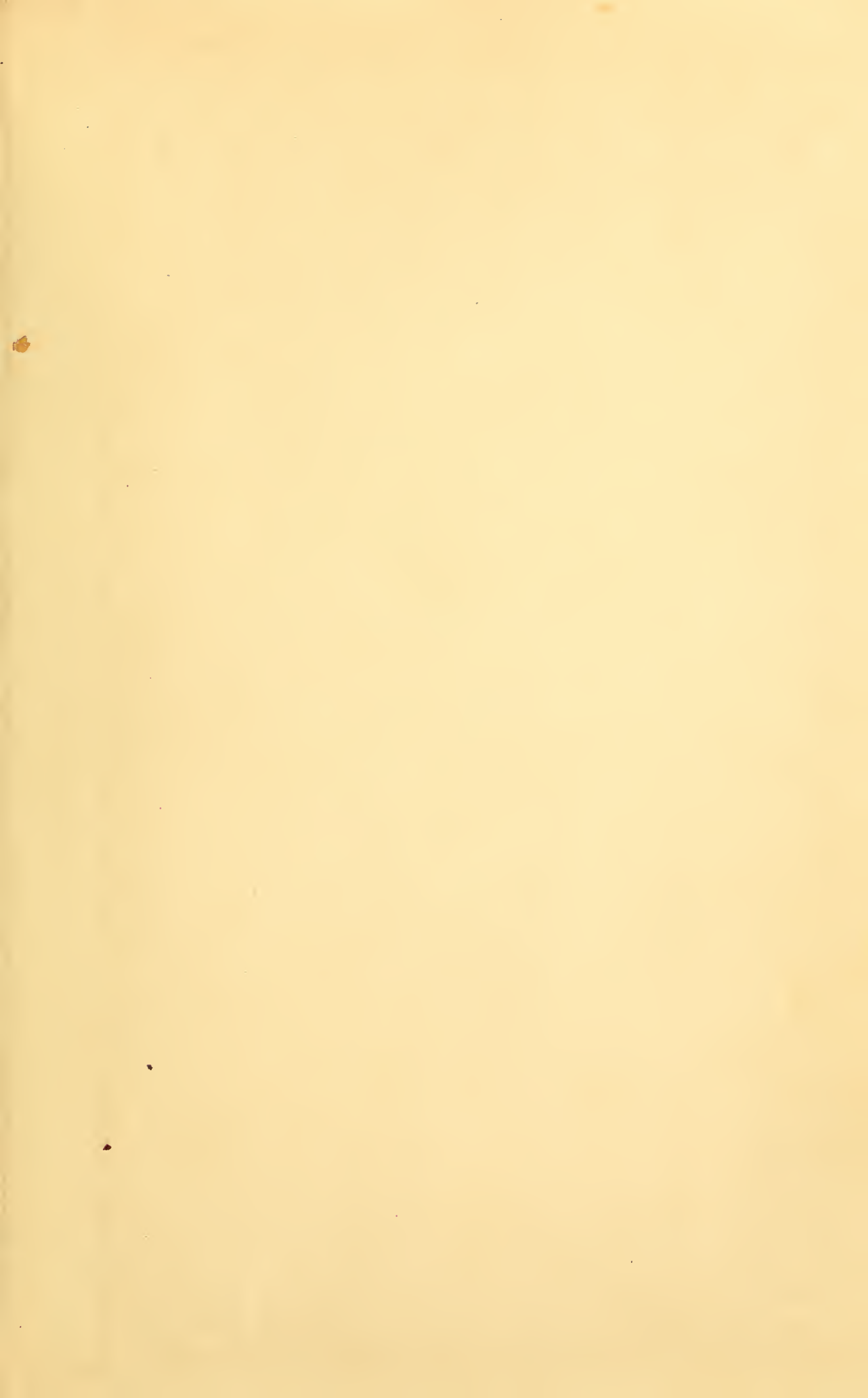












LIBRARY OF CONGRESS



0 028 363 445 0